

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

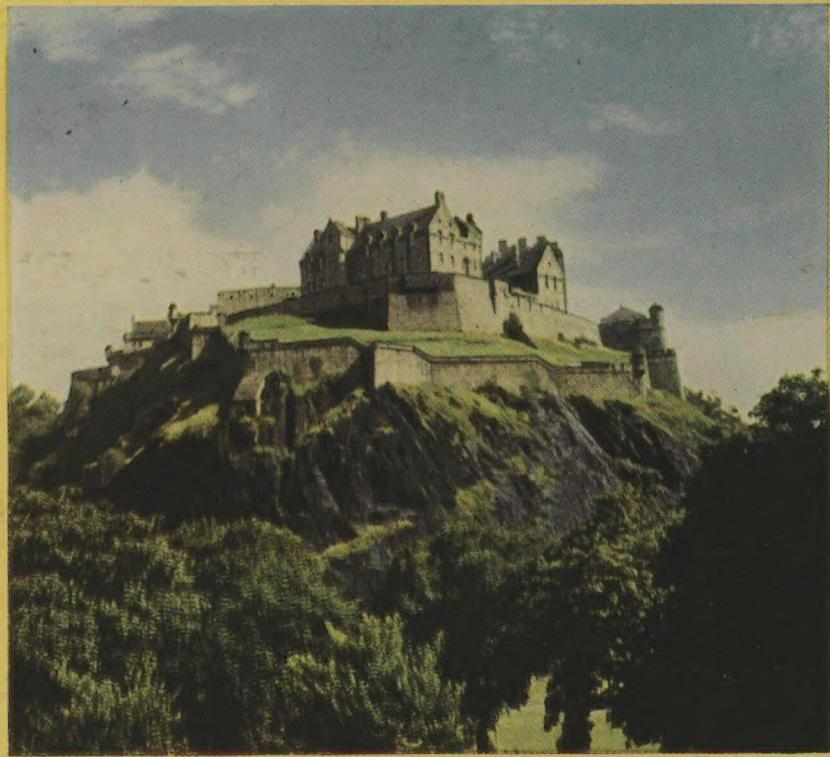
CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1956





By Appointment
to Her Majesty The Queen
Biscuit Manufacturers
McVitie & Price Ltd.

Lest auld acquaintance be forgot—



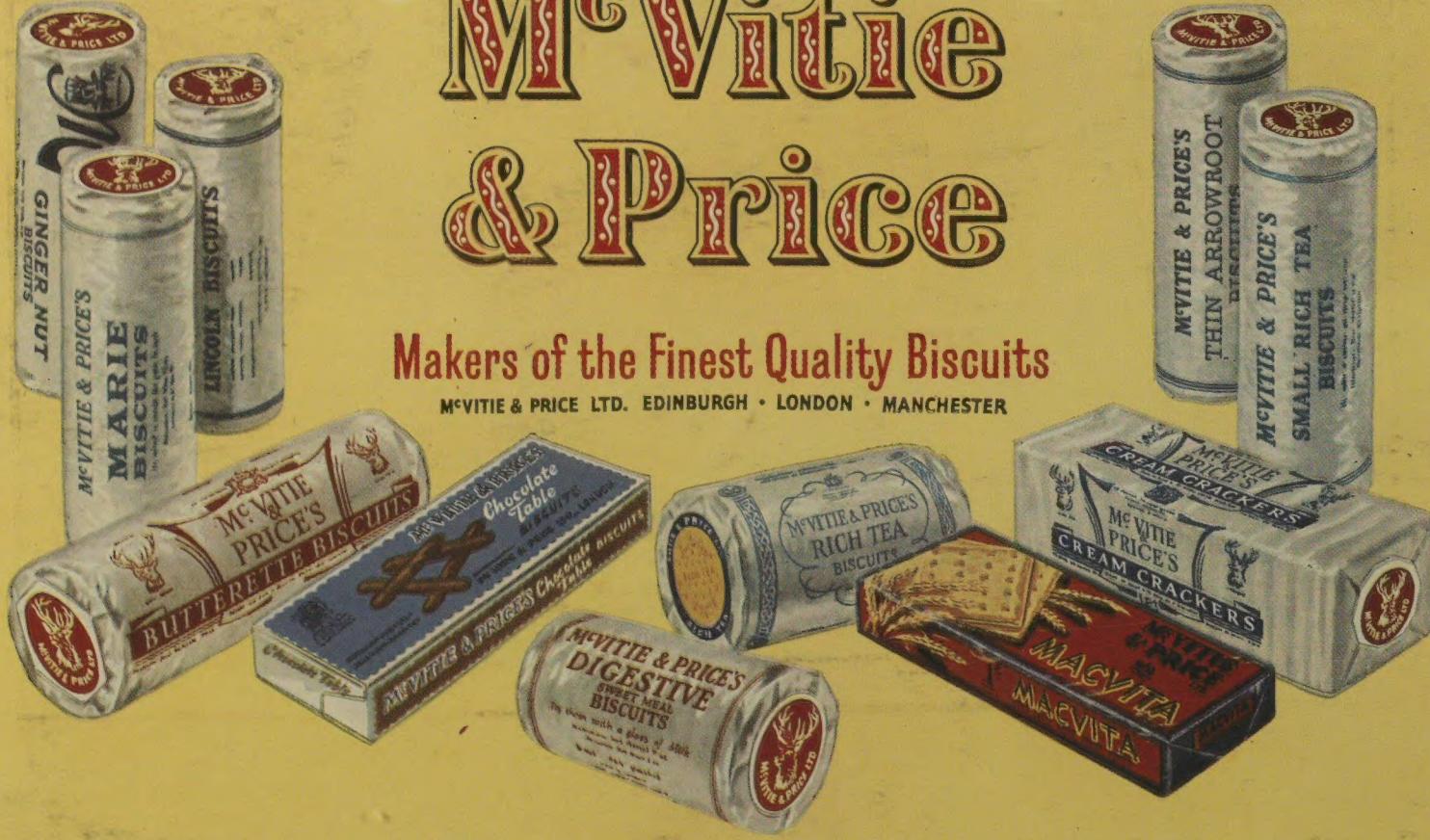
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McVitie & Price

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The perfume of magnetism.
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Chypre
Perfume of incredible appeal.
75/- 45/- 27/- 13/6

Meteor
The starry perfume.
63/- 39/6
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Ballerina
Perfume nestled in dainty red satin ballet shoe. 32/6
Perfume — *L'Aimant, Chypre, Meteor, Muguet des Bois*.

Paris
So gay, so sweet.
67/6 39/6
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The golden aristocrat of perfume.
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Muguet des Bois
True fragrance of Lily-of-the-Valley.
59/6 32/6 19/6 10/6

“Trinket Case”
Satin-lined Box, holding Perfume, Cream Powder Vanity and the sensational new Coty “24” Lipstick. 52/6
Perfume — *L'Aimant, Chypre, Muguet des Bois*.

F17

“Treasure Chest”
Satin-lined casket with Perfume, rich gilt ‘Cova’ Vanity. Eau de Toilette, Creamy Skin Perfume, and two fragrant sachets for lingerie. £6-6-0

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Moderately priced at 49/-. Wide variety of stripes; a choice of two sleeve lengths in white and plain colours.

You can tell a

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with **VAN HEUSEN** collars and cuffs

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How glad they are they chose a Standard!



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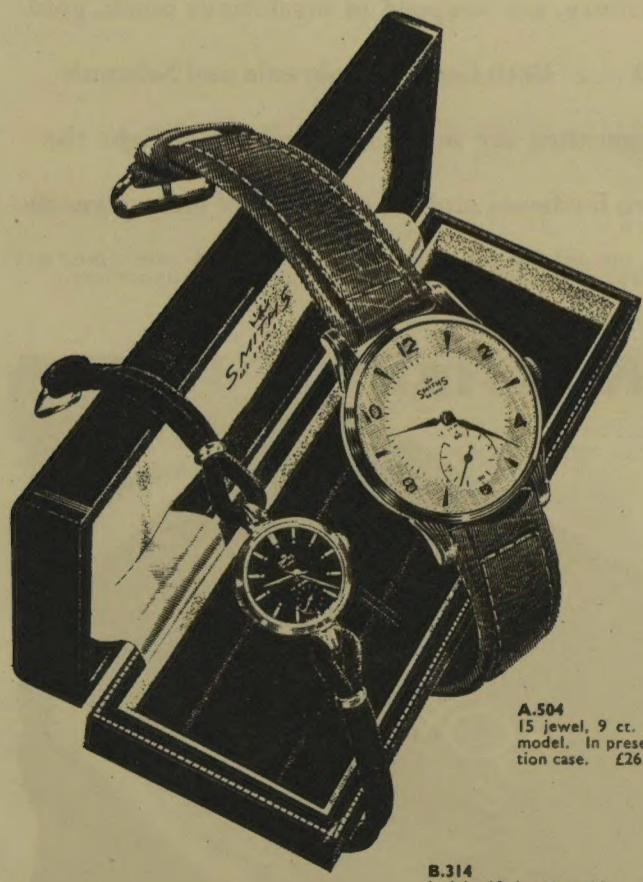
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15 jewel, 9 ct. gold
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for those who like
CONTINENTAL coffee

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Cocktail Virginia

Here is originality without the flaw of mere novelty—two delightful brands of Sobranie cigarettes, each in its own field without a superior, dressed as no other cigarettes are dressed . . . Here are all those rare qualities for so long implied in the Sobranie tradition, presented with an eclat which is excitingly up to date.

The gay Cocktail Virginia are wrapped in 5 different coloured papers, all gold-tipped, and presented in a hand-made box. The Black Russian, originally made especially for a Russian Grand Duke at the Court of St. Petersburg, are wrapped in mysterious black, gold-tipped and crested . . . Both Cocktail Sobranie and Sobranie Black Russian cigarettes are made especially to delight the smartest of modern hostesses and the choicest of choosy guests.

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**Sobranie
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Black Russian





Sir Compton Mackenzie and Eric Linklater talk about the whisky valley

'Take this GRANTS STAND FAST we're drinking, Eric. Can you taste the Speyside in it?'

'Indeed I can.'

'I suppose Speyside is the father and mother of good whisky. It's called the WHISKY VALLEY isn't it?'

'Anybody who has lived in the Highlands knows there is a quality about Speyside whiskies which is unmistakable. Grants has it. You can tell it — that's my experience.'

'I think in the end, Eric, it must come down to experience. I mean, I wouldn't be prepared to back my opinion of Stand Fast if I hadn't drunk many other whiskies.'

'That's true. Obviously one's taste progresses. But people should be educated about whisky.'

'Like wines?' suggested Sir Compton.

'That's it exactly. I have always thought of Grants as a name in whisky like the great names in champagne.'

This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Eric Linklater was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

Grants STAND FAST

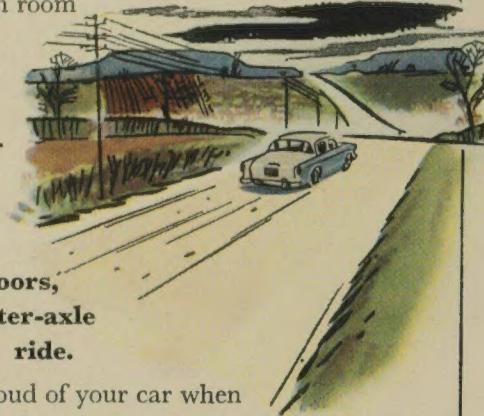


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Then you'll want a car that is fast and smooth on the highway, safe and sure in all conditions of road. **The Hillman has super stability, large positive brakes and exceptional all round visibility.**

You'll want leg-stretch room for the whole family and soft, comfortable seating.

The Hillman has 3-dimensional comfort—more leg-room, more head-room, more seating space with wide easy-entry doors, step-down floor and inter-axle seating for a smooth ride.



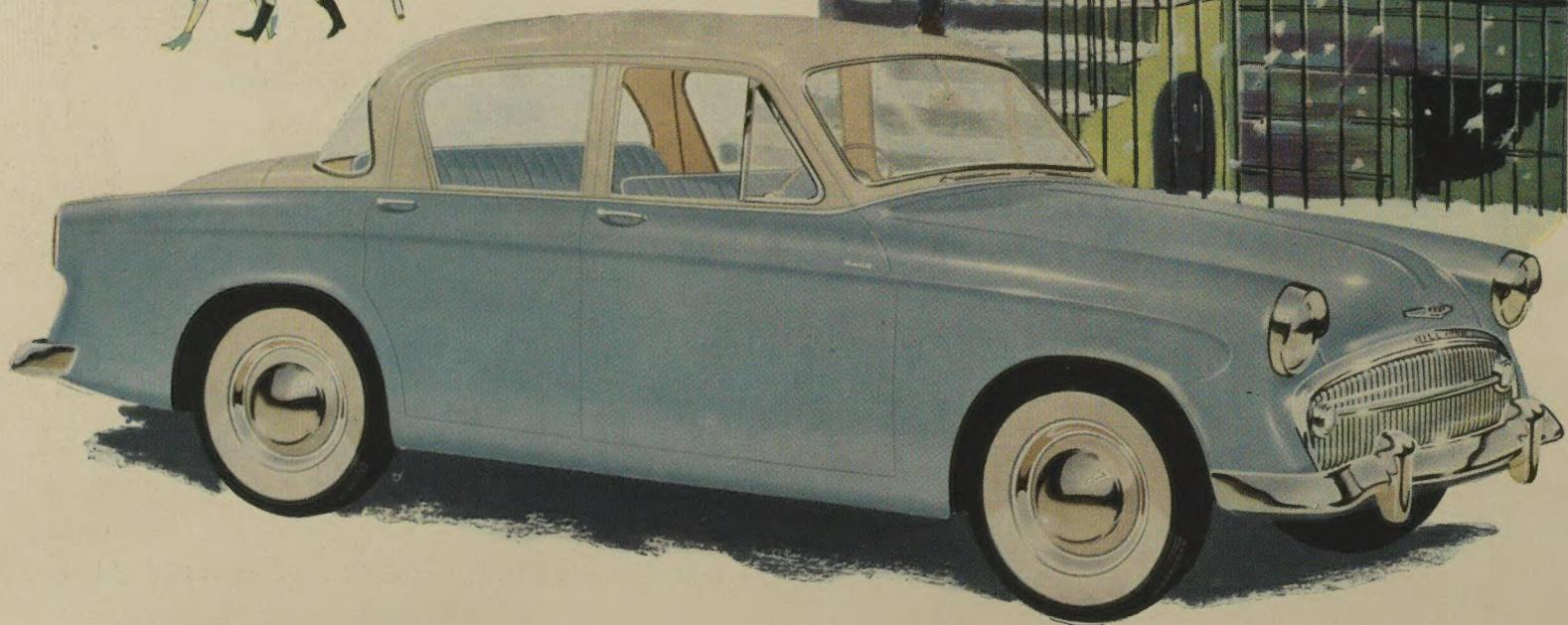
You'll want to feel proud of your car when you arrive, fresh and exhilarated after your long journey.

Hillman has the 'next-year' look, long, low, elegant lines and beautiful two-tone colour schemes.



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And with all that, you still have the comforting thought that it is amazingly economical in every way. Yes, Hillman is a wonderful car for the Christmas journey or any other. Get your dealer to show you one.



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Benson & Hedges Super Virginia Cigarettes
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BENSON & HEDGES LTD

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Super Virginia Cigarettes 50 for 11/3



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Gordon's DRY GIN

No Christmas is complete without it. Gordon's Gin has a most favourable influence on tonic water, fruit squash, vermouth.



Six Gordon's "SHAKER" COCKTAILS

Each one mixed by experts and ready to serve. Ensures success of any party. PICCADILLY—DRY MARTINI—MARTINI — BRONX — PERFECT — FIFTY-FIFTY.



Gordon's ORANGE GIN & LEMON GIN

Not to be confused with gin and orange squash, these Gordon favourites are made in the traditional way with Gordon's Dry Gin, real oranges and lemons, and pure cane sugar. Best taken neat as a liqueur, but also most refreshing with Soda Water or Tonic Water if preferred.



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HAVE THE GAY GORDONS FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR CHRISTMAS

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Height 4' 8 ins.

Charles Shelley, maker of the famous Dolben Cup, was one of the great silversmiths of the second half of the seventeenth century; though comparatively few pieces by him have survived, all are of exceptional quality. Note the freedom of line and outstanding merit of the engraving on the porringer shown above.

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The Bargain

from the original watercolour by Ernest Uden.

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE . . .

By 1820, a Society unsurpassed in the art of living, demanded and bid high for the best. Today, as then, the essence of a bargain lies in the quality of the purchase. That is why people of taste consider Scotch Whisky a bargain at almost any price particularly a blend with all the mature elegance of age . . .

“King George IV” OLD SCOTCH WHISKY



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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1956



PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA—"DAME MARGOT FONTEYN, D.B.E."

From the portrait in this year's Academy by Pietro Annigoni.



"SPRING."



"SUMMER."

THE PROMISE OF SPRING AND THE FULLNESS OF SUMMER: FROM "THE FOUR SEASONS," BY ALAN REYNOLDS.

The mystery of the changing season has been an inspiration to artists of every era. Mr. Alan Reynolds, one of the leading young contemporary artists, has added to his striking record of success by the important series of four paintings entitled "The Four Seasons," and successfully evoking their mood. These were exhibited at the Redfern Gallery last March. "Spring"

was bought by the Felton Bequest for the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia, and "Summer" was purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and will be exhibited in the Tate Gallery. It was shown at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition this year. (By courtesy of the Redfern Gallery.)



"AUTUMN."



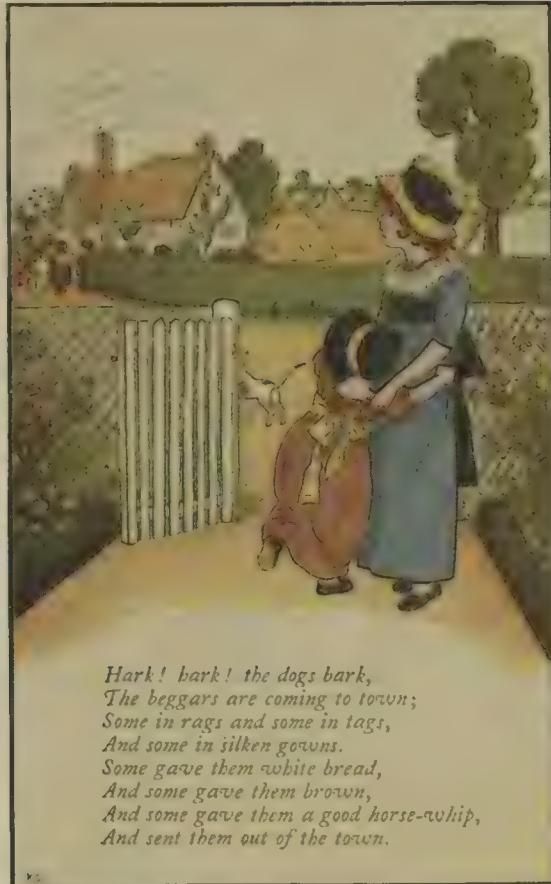
"WINTER."

AUTUMN'S GRANDEUR AND WINTER'S CHILL: FROM "THE FOUR SEASONS," BY ALAN REYNOLDS.

As did Samuel Palmer, so Alan Reynolds works in the Shoreham valley, Kent. It was there that he found the cornfields, hop-fields and orchards which provided the material for his compositions in "The Four Seasons." He worked on these paintings in 1954 and 1955, making a large number of preliminary studies, principally of the botanical details, before starting on

the actual paintings. Of these two paintings, "Autumn" was purchased by Mr. Richard Attenborough and "Winter" by the Fleischman Collection, New York. Thus Alan Reynolds, who is only thirty, has already acquired an international reputation at an early stage in his very promising career. (By courtesy of the Redfern Gallery.)

A VICTORIAN GALLERY OF
NURSERY RHYMES:
ILLUSTRATED BY
KATE GREENAWAY.



NURSERY rhymes are essentially traditional and they impose certain very definite standards upon their illustrators. But occasionally a figure emerges whose illustrations set the fashion for the following generations. Outstanding among these is Kate Greenaway (1846-1901), whose charming illustrations delighted our Victorian forbears. As may be seen from the selection of her illustrations reproduced on these two pages, they are still full of life and grace to-day. They all come from "Mother Goose," a selection of the old nursery rhymes, illustrated by Kate Greenaway, and published by George Routledge and Sons in 1881. Miss Greenaway, herself a frequent

[Continued opposite.]



A MEDLEY OF
IMMORTAL NURSERY
RHYMES: ILLUSTRATED
BY KATE GREENAWAY



Continued. [Kate Greenaway] was the daughter of John Greenaway, a draughtsman and engraver on wood, who was long connected with the paper in its earlier days. She soon showed her artistic abilities and studied at a variety of places, including the Slade School, where Alphonse Legros was her master. Her genius for children's illustrations came to the fore and her work in this sphere was immensely popular in France and Germany, as well as this country. John Ruskin was one of her greatest admirers. Her demure little girls, with their engaging bonnets, and her chubby boys, come into their own on these pages to delight young and old.





THE HOLY MOTHER AND CHILD WITH ST. JEROME, BY CORREGGIO.

This celebrated picture "Madonna di San Girolamo," by Correggio (1494-1534), in the Parma Gallery, is distinguished for its perfection in the management of light and shade and the beauty of the Magdalen. It has been said of the latter "whoever has not seen it is ignorant of what the art of painting can achieve."

Photograph, Alinari.



THE MIRACLE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS: "IL PRESEPIO," BY G. B. PITTONI.

The miracle of the first Christmas when the "Word was made flesh" in the stable in Bethlehem has been movingly interpreted in this lovely painting of "The Manger," by Giovanni Battista Pittoni, who was born in Vicenza in 1690 and died in Venice in 1767. It is in the Accademia dei Concordi, in Rovigo.

Photograph, Alinari.



WINTER IN FLANDERS FOUR CENTURIES AGO: "WINTER SCENE," PAINTED BY BONAVENTURA PEETERS THE ELDER (1614-1652) IN 1645.



"GOLF ON THE ICE": A PLEASANT THOUGHT FOR A VERY WHITE CHRISTMAS IN A DRAWING BY HENDRIK AVERCAMP (1585-1663).

IN THE BLEAK MID-WINTER: SOCIAL LIFE ON THE ICE 400 YEARS AGO.

"I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter": thus wrote Joseph Addison in 1711 in *The Spectator*. Even though some of us may think that winters aren't what they used

to be, most will agree that winter is the best season for Christmas to fall in (where geographical conditions permit). These scenes in the Low Countries some four centuries ago show the solid ice which covers the canals there almost every year.

"Golf on the Ice" is reproduced by courtesy of Eric H. Oppenheimer, Esq.; and "Winter Scene" by that of Eugene Slatter, 30, Old Bond Street.

THE DOOS' NEST

By MARIE MUIR,
Author of "Dear Mrs. Boswell,"
"Leezie Lindsay," etc., etc.

Illustrated by
VICTOR BERTOGLIO

"**W**E'D have to change it," said Graham.

"How about The Eyrie?" replied Nicky, head tilted backwards, looking up.

Behind them, the loch rippled to the road's edge. In front was the neat green gate, the dreadful name in white china letters upon it, and a path zigzagging in short flights of steps through the scrub birch on the steep hillside. High up, there was a garden—they could see the roses looking down—and in the garden stood the cottage, small and white, with flat windows each side of a green door and two dormers like eyebrows indulgently raised.

"It's ours—it's ours!" gasped Nicky, suddenly whirling. "Graham, it is! I knew it the minute we stepped off the bus!"

"Wheesht—don't look so excited! Yours sincerely, Robert Something, may be watching us."

"He is. I just saw someone at the window."

"Then I bet you've shoved the price up another hundred!"

Jostling, they opened the green gate and began the climb, Nicky now looking disdainfully about her, Graham watching the way the breeze blew her cotton dress against her as she sprang from step to step.

The door opened just as they reached the top, but he did not make for it immediately. Calling her back, he drew her round, and as they stood on the little plateau—no more than a ledge on the wild hillside that swept on up behind the house—found her hand and gripped it secretly.

"Really want it?" he mumbled.

Far below, through the birches, the loch was a single turquoise; the hills on the far side brooding amethyst. Inhaling the strong, salt air, she whispered giddily:

"Yes—yes!"

"Okay, then," he said, marching her to the door.

A man stood there waiting. He had an unhealthy city air—flabby cheeks, a jowl already at that time of day beginning to show dark stubble, and a developing paunch inside his dark-blue suit. His voice, however, still had the unspoiled intonation of the West, and he looked undeniably pleased to see them.

"You'll be the people who wrote?" he said, ushering them in.

It was only a cottage, and the wallpapers were terrible. Upstairs, in the second of the two low-ceilinged bedrooms, Graham turned steeply-raised eyebrows on Nicky, but she nodded fiercely—she had already mentally furnished both with carpets and sprigged curtains. One blue-and-white, the other as yet undecided . . .

"Ha—a bathroom!" exclaimed Graham with unconcealed surprise. When she said dreamily, "Blue-and-white, too"—he gaped for a moment at the worn red oilcloth, and then, understanding, smiled.

The house was as good as hers. Leaving all the boring details to the two men to discuss, she followed slowly down the stairs in a blissful constructional dream; building in a sun-porch, abolishing the front door, stripping the hideous leafy paper off the walls. She saw herself perched on steps, distempering, and Graham digging outside.

"We could eat in here," she said defensively, seeing him scowl round the box-like room on one side of the hall.

Their guide, now bustling and cheerful, hurried them across to the larger room. This was better, once they had tacitly averted their eyes from the fireplace which he said proudly he had recently installed.

"So you lived here?" asked Graham, but he shook his head:

"Parents. My father took an awful pride in the garden."

Nicky saddened, assessed his age and theirs, and brightened up again since there seemed no need to grieve:

"I like this room, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Urquhart," said their companion, eagerly. "Yes—my father had a big crop of pears every year from the tree on the south wall. They're setting now. I'll show you. And if you're interested in the workshop, Mr.—er, there's a grand bench goes with it!"



"It's ours—it's ours!" gasped Nicky, suddenly whirling.

"Graham, it is! I knew it the minute we stepped off the bus!"

"Lead me to it!" said Graham, with more personal zest than he had shown yet.

Nicky protested, but they were already on their way out of the room so she perforce followed—not, for the moment, interested in the outside of the house at all, and easily diverted when, to the rear of the small room across the hall, she caught sight of the kitchen.

"We haven't looked in here!" she exclaimed.

Graham made to follow, but their guide drew him on.

"The kitchen's the woman's sphere!" she heard him say, repulsively jocular.

In a sense he was right—she felt glad to be on her own as she pushed the door wide. But, unlike the rest of the house, which had a musty, shut-up air, the kitchen was occupied. An old lady sat between the curtained box-bed and the fireplace, a large piece of canvas over her knees and her pieces in a cardboard box beside her, making a rag rug. The fire sparkled in the old-fashioned grate, and though she saw at a glance that the whole kitchen would have to be modernised before she could work in it, her face lit up with pleasure.

"You don't mind if I look round?" she asked.

The old lady smiled. "Just come in, dearie. Don't be feared."

Nicky was never feared. But she did feel a pang at the thought of breaking up the gentle scene—of Graham and herself banging about, stripping walls, installing fittings and painting cabinets; ousting Mr. Urquhart's mother from her home. The thought of the little garden and the espalier pear which had been the old man's pride now brought a lump into her throat.

"It seems a shame!" she said involuntarily.

The rug-hook stopped half-way through a loop, and the seamed old face quivered.

"No, no, lassie. I'd like fine for you to tak' the hoose. I can go to my son's, then. It's lonely here. Ower lonely for maist of the folk that come!"

"Has it been for sale long?"

"Aye, a lang time. It's the loneliness, ye see."

"It's that that attracts us, really. But I'm sure you're looking forward to being with your son?"

The old lady's eyes grew bleak. She bent her head quickly, and addressed her work:

"Aye. Ye need someone wi' ye, when ye're auld and left your lane. But Robert has a wife in Paisley. When he comes, he disna' bide. He'll gang back on the bus wi' ye, the nicht."

"Oh-h—" said Nicky, on an unfinished breath of pity.

Instinctively she glanced out of the square of window. Some day soon it would be gay with frilled cotton, a split-new sink in place of the old jawbox beneath, but just now it was gloomy and dark, the hillside pressing up against it, and a storm lowering.

"I'm glad you won't mind if we buy the house. We like it so much!" she said, coming to stand beside the fire.

"It's a grand place for young folk—a grand place!" the old lady said determinedly. A downpour of sleet struck the window and she had to raise her voice: "Twenty-two, I was, when Robert's faither brocht

me here. We lived here nigh on fifty years. You're young, both of ye—it'll be a grand place for you, for many a year!"

"Oh, yes," said Nicky, thinking how they had stood gripping hands as they looked down at the loch. She wished they were together now, and a creeping chill came over her as for the first time she felt the prodding finger of age.

Abruptly she started for the door—only to find the old lady, clutching her work against her, had risen from her chair. She was weeping . . . dry, shallow sobs most pitiful to hear.

"I'll need to be honest with you," she whispered. "It's not worth it, lassie—not worth the loneliness! I canna' thole the thought of you left here your lane—"

"Nicky—!"

Graham came in by the back way.

"Nicky, there's a warren of storerooms under the house. With it being built on the hill, you know—"

He was beaming when, gulping back tears, she joined them in the lobby.

"There's room to build a boat if we want one!"

"If!" she said, trying to smile.

Mr. Urquhart, whom she was regarding coldly now, saw her shiver.

"You'd be the better of a cup of tea," he suggested, glancing at his wristwatch as he ushered them back into the musty sitting-room.

There, to Nicky's surprise, he took cups and saucers from a wall press and produced biscuits and a vacuum flask from an attaché case. Indignation at his snobbishness boiled in her, and she sprang up, to the

"You needn't. I don't like it. I don't like the house at all. I—"

"Why, Nicky, I thought you—"

"I don't like it!" Nicky said desperately, clutching at his arm. Her teeth chattered: "I don't like it at all, and I think we should go now."

"But it's not time for the bus, yet."

"I'd rather walk," said poor Nicky, fighting the horrid urge to look back at Mr. Urquhart by the kitchen door: "Please, Graham—I know it's raining, but I want to go!"

She already had the door open. He gave her a look of complete incomprehension as he reached for his hat.

"Well, I'm afraid if my wife doesn't like it, that's that!" he said, awkwardly taking leave. "Sorry to have bothered you. And about the cup, too—"

She dragged him away. The sun was shining brilliantly from a cloudless sky, and there was no dampness on the heather as they plunged down the path.

"Raining!" Graham paused to say expressively when, somehow having failed to break their ankles, they found themselves down at the gate. "I ask you! Don't you realise you were positively rude? What possessed you, darling?"

She told him as they set off down the road.

* * * * *

"You don't think—?" Graham suggested over the table in the village teashop.



"... It's lonely here. Ower lonely for maist of the folk that come!" "Has it been for sale long?" "Aye, a lang time. It's the loneliness, ye see."

surprise of Graham, who had been trying to catch her eye since they sat down.

"Surely we could keep your mother company in the kitchen, Mr. Urquhart?" she said loudly.

* * * * *

The effect on Mr. Urquhart was very strange. He jumped, dropped the cup and saucer he was holding, and sent tea cascading all over the faded, fringed tablecloth.

"Oh—too bad!" Graham exclaimed apologetically. "Hey! Where are you going?"

Nicky was on her way to the kitchen. She could not have said why, when the house was not hers . . . yet, but she did remember as she pushed open the door that there had been a fat black kettle steaming on the hob.

There was a kettle, but no steam. The fire was out—had been out for a long, long time, to judge from the rust on the bars of the empty grate. The curtains were down and the mattress roped up in the bed recess. The old lady was not there.

Slowly Nicky stared round, bewildered. Then with a relieved catch of her breath, feeling she had not completely lost her senses after all, she caught sight of the rug canvas lying across the chair. It was half-finished, the hook still in it, just as she had last seen it across the old lady's knee . . . but as she stooped to touch it she snatched back her hand. It was thick with dust.

Fear swirled in her, then, and a feeling of immeasurable distance separating her from Graham and safety. With a gasp she whirled and fled out into the lobby—to come face to face with Mr. Urquhart, shifty-eyed, sweating and white.

Graham was there, too, staring at her.

"We mopped up," he said cheerfully. "I was just saying to Mr. Urquhart, I haven't seen the kitchen yet."

He had scoffed at her as they walked, and then been contrite when, unlike herself, she had wept wildly with shock and rage. Now, reconciled, she was exhausted.

"Oh, Graham, I don't know! We can't ever know!"

"We've got to, or you're not going to forget it," he said, collecting their cups, rising and tapping on the service door.

"Can we have some more? We walked all the way from the Doos' Nest."

Nicky's heart jerked at the name. It took effect on the other side of the door, too, for when the young woman brought them fresh cups, she lingered.

"You were looking at Robert Urquhart's house?"

"Yes. Poor chap. What was the tragedy about his mother?"

"Och, it's two years ago, now," said the waitress. "It was the postman found her, but they had to send for Robert from Paisley. He's never been the same since—blames himself, they say."

"But what happened?"

The question jerked from Nicky in spite of Graham's warning pressure on her foot. The waitress, however, was neither reserved nor observant.

"It was just the loneliness," she said, "after the old man died. The poor old soul—she shot herself with his gun in the kitchen."

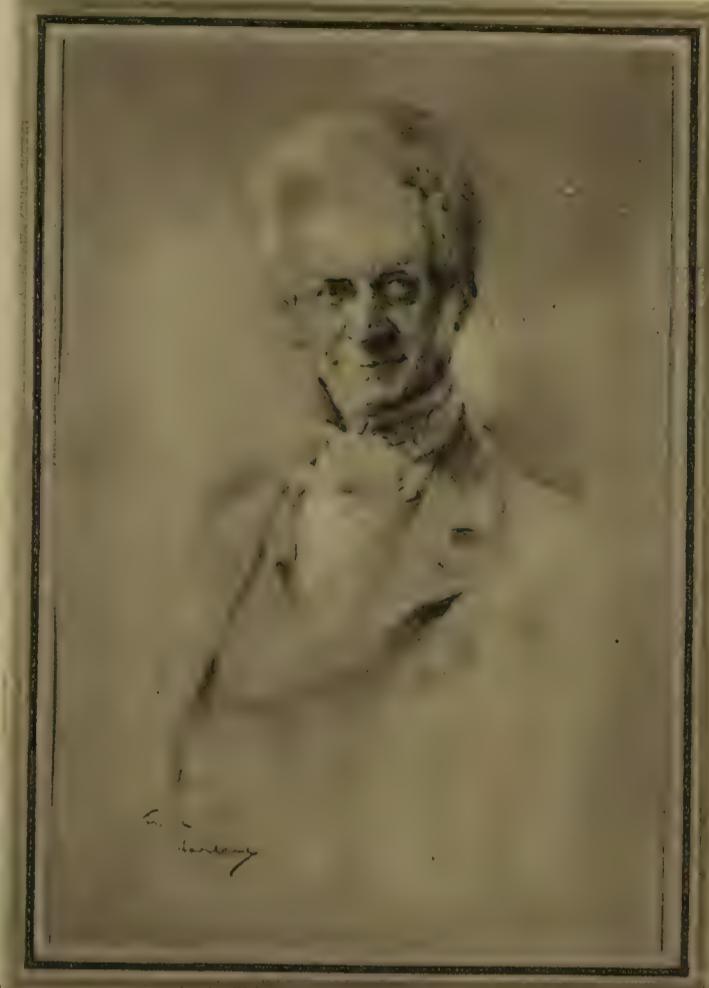
"Oh—ghastly!" said Graham loudly. He gripped Nicky's hand under the cloth. "So no one was to blame?"

"I just wish they'd had the gas in when they had the chance before the war," the young woman said, without conscious humour. Her rosy face was paler as she looked out at the village street, and her eyes held corporate guilt.

"I don't know but what we were all to blame. We all knew she was up there, alone!"

THE END.

GHOSTS OF THE FOOTLIGHTS (I): FAVOURITES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



IN HIS MOST FAMOUS PART: SIR JOHN HARE AS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH
IN "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES."



AN OPERATIC SOPRANO WHOSE MEMORY IS IMMORTAL: THE FAMOUS PRIMA
DONNA, DAME NELLIE MELBA.



THE WORLD'S IDEAL DANCER: ANNA PAVLOVA, THE GREAT RUSSIAN PRIMA
BALLERINA ASSOLUTA, WHO FIRST THRILLED LONDON IN 1910.



ONE OF THE GREAT ACTOR-MANAGERS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE: SIR CHARLES
WYNDHAM, WHO EXCELLED IN LIGHT COMEDY.

Christmas is the time for memories, the time when people pause and look backward before they get caught by the New Year which follows so swiftly upon the heels of Christmas. Since Christmas is also the time for entertainment, it is the season when the ghosts of the footlights beckon us back to recall with them some of the pleasure which they gave to so many theatregoers fifty years ago. On this and the following two pages we show some famous actors and actresses of yesteryear drawn from life by Mr. Frank Haviland for a series of theatrical portraits which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* half a century

or so ago. In this first decade of the century, the days of the Edwardian era, when life was, by present standards, gay and carefree, great actor-managers reigned as kings, and actors and actresses achieved fame unknown even to the film stars of to-day. This period has been aptly described by Mr. J. C. Trewin as "the era of the theatre-theatrical"—an unmatchable period—when all the great actors and actresses were also great personalities. The actor, more than the play, was "the thing," and if, sometimes, the results were just a little larger than life—well, what matter, when income-tax was a shilling in the pound?

GHOSTS OF THE FOOTLIGHTS (II): STARS IN AN AGE OF STARS.

GREAT SHAKESPEARIANS
OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



SIR FRANK ROBERT BENSON PLAYING THE PART OF
THE KING IN "RICHARD III."



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AT THE TIME HE PLAYED
THE KING IN "HENRY VIII."



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS THE KING IN SHAKESPEARE'S
"HENRY V."



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) AS
LADY MACBETH.



DAME ELLEN TERRY AS MISTRESS PAGE IN "THE MERRY
WIVES OF WINDSOR."



SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE IN THE ROLE
OF MALVOLIO IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS AN UNFORGETTABLE ROSALIND
IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."



SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET, ONE
OF HIS BEST-KNOWN ROLES.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS PETRUCHIO IN "THE TAMING
OF THE SHREW."

GHOSTS OF THE FOOTLIGHTS (III): FAVOURITES OF EDWARDIAN DAYS.



SIR CHARLES HAWTREY, WHO MADE HIS FIRST GREAT SUCCESS IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

LEADING PLAYERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS ABANAZAR IN "ALADDIN" AT DRURY LANE.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS MRS. CHEPSTOW IN "BELLA DONNA."



MR. H. B. IRVING AS R. L. STEVENSON'S DUAL PERSONALITY "JEKYLL AND HYDE."



DAME IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO PLAYED SOPHIE FULLGARNEY IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX."



SIR GERALD DU MAURIER AS JOHN SHAND IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."



DAME MARIE TEMPEST, WHO WAS APPEARING AS MARGARET VERRALL IN "THE BARRIER."



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS ALLAN MARCHMONT IN "THE EARLY WORM."



MR. CYRIL MAUDE AS RICHARD LASCELLES IN "THE FLAG-LIEUTENANT."



"The child stopped, turned, regarded me with a slow, shy smile, then greeted me with a little curtsey. . . . I recognised the serious little face, blue eyes and fair hair in two thick plaits. She was a graceful, alert girl about twelve years old."

THE CRYSTAL STAR

By DOROTHY MACARDLE, Author of "*Dark Enchantment*," "*Fantastic Summer*," etc.

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW

MY fire was fading to ashes and the log basket was empty. The breath of late November struck from the window-panes, seeped in around the door, seemed to penetrate the walls. This "châlet" was no more than a summer bungalow and needed big fires to keep it warm. My strength was not equal to hauling in loads from the wood-shed; nor was old Gretel's. She was as feeble as she was deaf, and an hour's cleaning each morning was as much as I could get her to do. Snow was piling up outside the window, falling with a wavering, aimless motion on the walls of the yard and the roof of the shed, as it had done every day of my long week here.

What a childish state of mind I must have been in, I reflected, to agree to rent this place for two winter months! I had not even seen the village. Frau Klein, with her pathetic weakness and eagerness, had over-persuaded me. I supposed she had not meant to deceive me, but deceived I had been. In the warmth and sunlight of the sanatorium I had imagined the same Alpine brightness in this place and felt it would be wiser to complete my convalescence in Austria than to face the winter in Bath. But here, soon after three o'clock, the small, pallid sun had already sunk. Already a muffling silence thickened, solidified, as if to shut one in for the night. And there was not even a cat for company. With a startling snap the lid of the letter-box fell.

Gillian! Bless her! Her letters were always hasty, vivid scribbles, and they brought her close. A sisterly scolding? Her foresight had always been better than mine. . . . Not at all! She approved.

It must be grand to be finished with the sanatorium and free to do as you like again. And what luck to get the châlet so cheap! Housekeeping in the Tyrol ought to be fun.

I was disappointed; irritated. Gillian ought to have realised that I had longed for Christmas with her and Hubert and the children, and that leaving the sanatorium had meant exchanging big, sunny rooms for cramped quarters; companionship, care and service for drudgery and one's own homesick company; that the compulsions of convalescence were not free choice.

Lightly, her letter went on:

You'd be foolish, of course, to return before March. But we'll miss you at Christmas and Judy is upset that you'll miss her birthday party. We're giving her a dance. She's home for the week-end with, inevitably, Gwen Morris, and both send love. Gwen has definitely adopted you as "Aunt Judith." She won't be here either, unfortunately. Dickon demands a letter "because you can always do a swap with Austrian stamps."

Seventeen, Judy would be, and Dickon would soon be nine and going to school. It was sad to miss so much of their childhood: more than a year. They would have changed . . .

There was a postscript scrawled in the margin, as usual.

As soon as I can run into Bath I'll pack you off a few of your own things to make the châlet seem more like home.

I sat down and wrote a postcard at once; told Gillian to send nothing; said that the châlet was comfortless and that I would not stay beyond the middle of January. Then I found that I was out of stamps.

Could I face, again, the climb to the shops? Perhaps, after a cup of tea. But I was out of sugar. I had forgotten to bring it. I had forgotten darning-wool, too. The fact was, I could trust neither my memory nor my judgment. It was hard to believe I had once been an efficient woman, painting not badly and running my flat and teaching every day at the School of Art. Now, the simplest chores seemed too much. And it wasn't illness; my lungs were perfectly well. It was just that eleven months of passivity had left me incompetent.

Housekeeping was *not* going to be "fun."

Already the blur of dusk lay over the road and fields as I faced uphill to the village, yet the air was crisp. Its life-giving quality challenged my mood of gloom. This depression, I told myself, must be overcome. It was a tendency against which Dr. Obermeier had warned me. "It predisposes to illness," he had said. His advice had been to take up painting again.

And why, I wondered, did that effort seem impossible? The mere thought of it was paralysing. Was it that some part of me knew the attempt would end in defeat? Or, merely, was the artist in me chilled by the monotony of the white and grey and the sombre green of pines?

A little girl in a cherry-red hooded coat! She overtook me, and the sudden apt appearance of lively colour made me laugh. The child stopped, turned, regarded me with a slow, shy smile, then greeted me with a little curtsey and polite "*Grüss Gott.*"

I recognised the serious little face, blue eyes and fair hair in two thick plaits. She was a graceful, alert girl about twelve years old. Would the *gnadiges Fräulein* like her to post the card? To do some errands in the village? she enquired.

"You see, I shall pass your house on my way home."

I accepted with thankfulness.

"I'm as tired as an old grandmother," I confessed.

"The wind is against one," the child returned quickly, as if anxious to reassure me about my age; "and the road is steep; and you have been ill."

"What is your name?"

"Therese Schneider. I am called Resi."

"You live near the river, don't you, Resi?"

"Yes. My father and brothers work in the sawmill. It is my Aunt Kathi who did washing for you."

"She does it beautifully."

The grave little face broke into a delighted smile.

"She loves to be told that."

"Tell her, then! And perhaps you would take her another parcel from me?"

"With much pleasure, Fräulein!"

Resi meant the words. There was joy in her motion as she ran away up the hill, fronting the wind. She did not take the postcard, however. I withdrew it, feeling that Gillian deserved a less crotchety reply.

I returned to the chalet, brewed chocolate and set out two cups and biscuits on a coloured plate.

Resi's visits became a daily event. After school, when she went to the shops for her mother, she would get what I needed, too; then, at about five o'clock, I would hear her at work in my shed. Every evening she brought in a big pile of logs, and lingered, asking, first diffidently and later with confidence, what she could do for me. I think she loved to be in the chalet, and, too, that it gave her satisfaction to feel that she could spare me fatigue. She liked touching nice things: she washed the cups and polished the cutlery with absorbed interest, eager to learn the best and most thorough way, showing a quick intelligence and natural skill. She did not talk much, but I thought that a great deal of curiosity was being repressed. I often noticed her looking at the photographs of Gillian and Judy and Dickon with their animals that stood on the bookcase in leather frames. I began to tell her stories about them and these took life in some vivid imagined world in Resi's mind.

"Do they cry when they have to go back to their boarding-schools? . . . Do the ponies know them when they come home? . . . When Judy is seventeen will she go to work?" Once she asked, "Is Judy very happy to know that you are well again? Does she know that I help you?"

It began to trouble me, after two weeks or so, that I was accepting real service from Resi and making no material return. I told her that I was going to pay her a little salary and suggested that she should spend her earnings on presents for her family at Christmas, which was only three weeks away. Her "Please, no!" was sharp, almost angry. She reddened and gave me a frowning glance, then bent her head over the fork she was drying, polished it vigorously and put it away. Then, with a muttered excuse, she went home.

Three days passed and she did not come. The bleakness of the evenings, the degree to which I missed the child, dismayed me. Had I become so weak, so dependent and spoilt? Convalescence, I thought, ruefully, can be a disintegrating experience. Never before had I dreaded long winter evenings, snow-muffled silence and the dark.

On the fourth morning I parcelled up some things to be laundered and went down the hill with them to Resi's aunt. The stout, good-natured woman laughed at my problem.

"Little goose! And all her blouses too small for her!" she said. "Well, you can always buy her a length of stuff. Rosa or I will make it up for her."

Frau Schneider had seen me and came in, worried and smiling nervously. She was fair and slender and serious like her little daughter, and she flushed when I spoke of payment, as hotly as Resi had done.

"Please, no, Miss Eadie!" she protested earnestly. "You teach Resi so much. She thinks you wonderful and is proud that you let her come. That you should think she comes in the hope of money or presents hurts her. She cried about it. She is, you see, an affectionate child."

I sent messages, explanations, promises and—what was, no doubt, more effective, an appeal for help. A trunk had arrived from England. I needed help with unpacking it and putting the things away.

"Resi will come," her mother assured me with relief.

It was my old cabin trunk, dispatched by Gillian before my veto reached her. It had arrived at Mühlsee on the electric railway that runs up from Innsbruck and had been conveyed from there on the fishmonger's cart. For two days it had stood, an ugly obstruction, in my bedroom while I waited to share the unpacking with my little friend. Her fresh, keen interest could make a pleasure out of such a commonplace thing.

She was there with a pile of logs at the stroke of five, smiling, but saying nothing as she stacked them neatly and mended the fire. I chattered, unlocked the box, guessed at its contents, and soon all constraint melted away. Breathless with pleasure, Resi unfolded embroidered tea-cloths and pillow-slips and a hand-woven bedspread; examined a set of apostle spoons and some small cooking gadgets; stroked the leather covers of books.

"What are you going to do when you leave school?"

The question

came out impulsively, struck from my mind by a sense of the girl's love of beauty and the poverty of her home.

She answered, absently, "Oh, that is all settled. I shall be finished next summer, you know. I am to help on Anton's father's farm—it is a dairy farm. It is just half an hour's journey by the *Mittelgebirge Bahn*, so you see—"

She broke off to exclaim over half a dozen small pictures which were at the bottom of the trunk—my own water-colour sketches of the children. In a few minutes Frau Klein's reproductions were stacked on the top of a cupboard, and Dickon, with his cheeky grin, and Judy, enchanting with her curls and dimples, beamed at me from the walls. Resi gazed into each picture in turn as if trying to take possession of them in her memory.



"She held it on the palm of her hand, feasting on its soft beauty. The crystals did not glitter: transparent as pure water, they held a constant inward light. 'How lovely it is! How lovely!'"

"So pretty and so happy," she murmured, and then, peering closely, saw my initials in the corners and turned to me with astonished eyes.

"Is it you? You painted them?"

"Yes, in their parents' garden three summers ago."

"You are a painter, then—a great painter, and we never knew!"

"I am far from being a great one: not much more than an amateur, Resi."

But that she would not accept. She shook her head, then, her face alight and vivid with an idea, implored me to paint the waterfall near the sawmill.

"But it is always in shadow," I replied.

"Not in the morning when I am going to school. Now, in the winter, the sunlight strikes on it then and it is as bright as fire. I wish you would make a picture of it, Fräulein! I wish you would!"

It chanced that the following morning I woke to see the sun just risen, round and red, tinting frosty fields and motionless trees. It was going to be a bright and windless morning, though clouds would probably gather again, I foresaw, in the afternoon.

And I had been losing the early hours, I realised—shortening these too-short days. Why do so any longer? I was well!

With the sense of performing a declaratory act, I dressed warmly, drank coffee and went out and down the hill.

Yes—it was as Resi had said. I saw the weir in its glory and sighed. Even a Monet could scarcely dream of capturing that radiance in paint. For such as me it would be waste of time. Yet my enterprise was rewarded. Walking along the riverbank, listening to the hum of the sawmill concealed among the pines on the farther side, I came to the footbridge and looked straight across at a clearing which had never held my attention before. Now, in the topaz glow of the morning, it made a picture that caught my breath. Half-enclosed by smooth columns of pine-trunks stood an orderly pile of planks, arranged criss-cross. Blades of light ran up the trees and lay along the upper edges of the planks, each of which had, below it, a chequer pattern of shadow and snow. Snow crusted the boughs of the trees and the rail of the bridge. With the ice-green of the glacier water in the foreground, the scene composed into a curious, Paul Nash pattern of cold bluish-greens and greys and warm browns. I stood there, memorising the colours, until a shiver went through me and I went hurrying homeward for fear of a chill.

Just beyond the turn where the village road runs uphill from the river stands the row of small dwellings in which Resi's family and their neighbours live. Smoke rose from the chimneys. Three women were carrying buckets of water up from the timber platform built out over the stones. One called "Miss Eadie!", set her bucket down and came towards me. It was Frau Schneider. She looked at me anxiously.

"Miss, it is too early for you to be out. You are perished. Please come in and warm yourself. Please let me give you a hot drink. It would be serious if you caught a cold."

I smiled, recognising from whom Resi had her careful, protective ways, and went in with Rosa to a small, warm room that contained a baking oven, a scrubbed table, cupboard, dresser, benches and shelves loaded with cooking-pots, as well as a truckle-bed, now folded up. I sat on a stool and sipped warm milk with spice in it while Rosa heaped wood on the crackling fire. We talked about Christmas and the Nativity play which was to be acted at the school. Resi had been chosen to represent the Madonna and, I heard with surprise, had refused.

"I should have thought she would love to do it!" I exclaimed. Rosa's smile came slowly.

"Still better, she loves being with you."

I was touched. Mere *Schwärmerei* would have made Resi eager to show off to me, let me see her acting the part. Such single-minded affection involved one in a little responsibility: one might do harm.

I said "I hope I am not making Resi restless or discontented? That she won't fret next month when I go away?"

"She will suffer, but it is good for her! I mean, the ideas she learns from you," Rosa replied. "Look, Miss, at our tiny home! Resi is like a bird that can't spread its wings. And so, you see, she goes out with those other girls, and big, rough boys from the farms. We are uneasy about it. They have money, and where do they get it? That good-looking Anton—he stole a bicycle. And young people soon catch bad ways from one another. When she is older, how will it be? But we hope, her father and I . . ." She hesitated, then went on softly, "that she will be strengthened, protected, by your example. She so much admires you in every way. Your trusting her means so much."

A little overwhelmed by such a tribute, I spoke abruptly.

"Must she go to work at that dairy farm? Is there nothing else?"

"Nothing which would allow her to live at home."

"She is so happy tending a house and has natural skill."

"Ah, yes! Later, perhaps. But we dare not send her to the town—send her away to strangers, so young."

"I see . . . yes: I understand."

Deep in thought, I thanked my hostess and walked up the hill in the clear air. I felt invigorated, confident, filled with positive health. I was going to be able to paint in this place—I would paint those logs; call the picture "Winter Sunrise." . . . Perhaps I would stay on until March. I would return with a few paintings which Dawson's might be able to sell for me. In all probability my teaching post would be open for me again after Easter. I was spending very little here. If all went well, I should be able, by July, to send Resi her fare to Bath . . .

While I unearthed my sketch-book and paints, cleared a table for work, cooked a substantial breakfast and ate it, I lived in imagination through a whole year of fruitful activities and happy companionship.

Illness had become a thing of the past.

I neglected preparations for Christmas and had to take action in a hurry when Sister Tilsey's postcard came. She had promised, if she were given leave from the sanatorium and could spend the holiday season in England, to take parcels to London for me and post them there. She wrote that she would be leaving in a week.

I had seen no more of Innsbruck than the railway station, but it was not much more than an hour's journey away. I decided to go down the next day, Friday, and buy presents there. The thought of the expedition was quite exciting. I talked about it to Resi, unthinkingly, and asked whether she would come, on Saturday afternoon, and help me to wrap up the gifts. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Oh, how glad I am now!" she exclaimed, "that I don't have to rehearse for the play!" . . . She told me that if I would buy a lot of very, very narrow ribbon she would make, on each package, a tiny rosette. Later, while we were drinking chocolate by the fire, she emerged from some daydream to say, "I wonder what you will buy for Judy? I should think she has everything."

"I shall buy nothing for Judy," I said, smiling.

Resi enjoyed a challenge to her wits. She responded in a moment:

"You are going to send her something you have already! The picture you are painting?"

"Not that! A quite old thing that belonged to my mother. Judy admired it when she was ten years old and I promised to give it to her when she was grown up."

"Is sixteen grown up?"

"No, but her seventeenth birthday comes just after Christmas. I am sending it to her as a surprise."

"Is it your wrist-watch?"

"No: it is something you have never seen."

"Can I see it now?"

"You must wait until Saturday."

The shops in the Theresienstrasse were irresistible, and spending money on inessentials was a pleasure long foregone. I bought small gifts for acquaintances in the village and in the sanatoriums as well as for friends and relatives at home. I bought bells and birds of glass for a Christmas tree and miniature figures for a crib. For Rosa Schneider I found a crochetwork shawl and for Resi a hand-embroidered blouse with draw-strings at neck and sleeves in the Magyar style, which she would not outgrow. For her there would be, also, a small picture of the river and the bridge. For Resi I owed my "Winter Sunrise," and it was, beyond question, the best thing I had done. It held something of the luminosity, the airy, diffused and transient colour of a winter morning—a promise that will be broken before noon. It is a quality that I had always striven for in water-colour and that had usually eluded me.

I bought horn-handled clasp-knives for my brother-in-law and Dickon and his inseparable chum, Barry Crewe, and a filigree brooch for Judy's friend, Gwen. I was extravagant over gaudy ribbons and wrappings of all sorts. I bought quantities of frosting and some cotton-wool. I found pretty little square boxes for posting, each with a label on the bottom, *Grüss aus Innsbruck* on the lid and a *Glückliche Weihnachten* card to fit inside. I bought a number of these for things to be mailed in London, then obtained Customs forms at the post office, had a delicious tea and travelled back up the mountainside, well content. It was snowing at Mühlsee and it was pleasant to find Resi waiting for me, eager to carry my laden baskets and accompany me home on the bus.

I was tired, but not over-tired, next day. I remember the unworried and un hurried absorption in which I spent the morning, writing on cards and labels, cutting lengths of paper and string and ribbon, putting each box and set of wrappings beside its proper gift on my sitting-room tables and shelves. That sense of peace, relaxed, without thought of time, which is the grace of childhood, revisited me for an hour or two, and it was with an almost childish pleasure that I anticipated Resi's arrival, Resi's wonderment at the gay display. It was not until the little girl stood there, gazing at it all, breathing slowly, and I saw tears in her eyes, that adult sense and conscience awoke.

She said, at last, shakily, "What shall I do when you have gone away? I shall never see beautiful things again."

"Of course you will!" I said sharply, resentfully.

"Only in the windows of shops."

To change her mood and try her taste, I asked her which gift she thought the finest.

I lit the lamps and closed the curtains. Brooches and necklaces and gaudy trifles glittered. Resi's hands hovered over them, paused over Gillian's card of enamelled buttons, Gwen's daisy-shaped brooch and my present for Judy—a pendant of five crystals forming a star. She smiled at me.

"This," she said with certainty. "I am sure it is Judy's: the shining star."

She held it on the palm of her hand, feasting on its soft beauty. The crystals did not glitter: transparent as pure water, they held a constant inward light.

"How lovely it is! How lovely!" Resi sighed, putting it back on the table. I heard, or imagined, a kind of hunger in her tone and felt, with a pang of self-reproach, that I was doing a thoughtless and unkind thing. It was too late to undo it, however, and, as we started work together, reassurance came to me from Resi's unalloyed delight in the charming task. Her nature was unspoiled, I told myself: clear as crystal; single-hearted; free from envy and greed. My secret project glowed in my mind.

"I want all your family, including your aunt, to come and drink punch with me on Christmas Eve," I told her. "I will give you your own present then."

JAMES TISSOT—or, to give him his full name, James Joseph Jacques Tissot—was a Frenchman, born at Nantes in 1836, who came to London in 1872 and left it in 1882, after the tragic death of his mistress and model, Mrs. Newton. In those ten years he portrayed Victorian London, and particularly its more light-hearted high life, with such precision, charm and potency, that he seems almost to have created a materialist's heaven. His passion for accuracy—which, applied to rigging, delights sailors; when turned on clothes, enables historians of fashion to date his pictures to the year and season—this accuracy of his forbids us to doubt that the scene really was as he portrays it; and yet what a fresh, enchanting and unexpected Victorian scene it is. The women are so beautiful, so elegant, so warm with vitality; the men so self-confident, eupptic, such

[Continued opposite.]



THE MONOCLED YOUNG MAN ON THE NOT-SO-FLYING TRAPEZE—A STRANGE GLIMPSE OF SOCIAL HISTORY—IN JAMES TISSOT'S "THE AMATEUR CIRCUS."

Continued.]
connoisseurs of life and good living. There is money to spend and never a care in the world, and this is a very Lotus land of *menus plaisirs*, a world in which it is, if not always afternoon, certainly always matinée-time. As Keats gazed on his Grecian urn, so may we gaze on the world of Tissot. The questions are raised—and never answered. What piece of Mendelssohn or Spohr did the fair violinist play? What was the reaction of the intelligent, and rather apprehensive, Orientals? And why were the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. A. J. Balfour (or their doubles) sitting on the stairs? And "The Amateur Circus"? Surely this took place—but why, where and at whose fantastic instigation?

"The Amateur Circus" reproduced by courtesy of Bamber Gascoigne, Esq.; "The Concert," by that of Manchester City Art Gallery.



MUSIC, ELEGANCE AND THE BEAU MONDE, OF SOME EIGHTY YEARS AGO: "THE CONCERT," BY JAMES TISSOT, PAINTED C. 1876. TISSOT ATTENDED JUST SUCH A SOIREE AT WHICH THE VIOLINIST, N. NERUDA (LATER LADY HALLE), WAS THE SOLOIST.



WHERE THE FEATHERED GOOSE HAS SENSE ENOUGH TO TURN AWAY: A TIMELESS SCENE OF GULLIBILITY, HERE SET IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE OF THE 1860'S—
"THE QUACK DOCTOR," A WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I. (1840-1898).



"A COFFEE STALL IN LONDON": AN EARLY-MORNING SCENE OF THE 1860'S. A PAINTING BY HUNT, DATED 1881, WITH WORKING MEN AND GIRLS, THE CHARITY SCHOOLBOY AND THE BOHEMIAN GENTLEMAN SNATCHING AN EARLY BREAKFAST, IN THE LONG SHADOWS OF THE DAWN.

WAYSIDES AND KERBSIDE IN VICTORIAN ENGLAND: TYPICAL YET TIMELESS SCENES OF A CENTURY AGO.

"Ha, ha! What a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!" said Autolycus, summing-up his experience of the natives of Bohemia; and the jaunty quack-doctor, with his glossy topper and his speedy dog-cart—the essence of roadside salesmanship is mobility—would no doubt subscribe. Charles Green, whose work this is, was born in 1840 and died in 1898; in his early years he drew for "The Illustrated London News" and, later, he was well known for his illustrations of Dickens; and in the work we reproduce it is not difficult to see

"The Quack Doctor" (exhibited at the Leger Galleries in 1954) reproduced by courtesy of John Tillotson, Esq.; "A Coffee Stall in London," by that of the Trustees of the London Museum.

both influences. Of the artist of "The Coffee Stall" little is known. The picture is signed "Hunt" and dated 1881, though the costumes belong to the 1860's. The style and some of the models portrayed suggest a link with George Elgar Hicks, whose "The General Post Office, One Minute to Six" was reproduced in our 1946 Christmas Number. Is it fanciful to suggest that the cloaked gentleman, breakfasting with one of Mme. Mantalini's girls, and Rob the Charitable Grinder, is Dickens himself, pausing in the dawn after one of his regular night walks through London?



A TIME OF HARDSHIP BEFORE AN AGE OF GREAT PROSPERITY: THE DISTRESS CAUSED BY THE INDUSTRIAL DIFFICULTIES OF THE 1840'S IS REFLECTED IN "THE EMIGRATION SCHEME," BY JAMES COLLINSON, PAINTED C.1850.



DISHONOUR AND DESPAIR IN A VICTORIAN HOME: MELODRAMA IN AN ERA OF CONSCIENTIOUS PRUDERY RECORDED BY RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., IN HIS DIPLOMA WORK "THE OUTCAST," PAINTED IN 1851.

OUTCASTS—SOCIAL AND MELODRAMATIC: FAMILY PROBLEMS OF A CENTURY AGO.

In the days before photography it was the artist's duty to record the events, fashions and substance of his society. Thus these two paintings from the middle years of the nineteenth century each tell a very definite story. James Collinson's "The Emigration Scheme" shows the artist's awareness for

one of the greatest social problems of these years. Richard Redgrave submitted "The Outcast" as his Diploma work at the Royal Academy in 1851. It is a painting full of the pathetic melodrama which must have split many a Victorian family at a time when prudery was an incalculably strong force.

"The Emigration Scheme," reproduced by courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. William King; "The Outcast," by that of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.



THE HOME OF ENGLISH PANTOMIME: A PERFORMANCE AT THE DRURY LANE THEATRE SHOWN IN A STRIKING WATER-COLOUR DRAWING IN 1795.

In the maze of facts which complicate the story of the development of pantomime in England, this is summarized on the best detail. In 1793 a pantomime was given at the Drury Lane Theatre. Thomond's "Harlequin Doctor Faustus" which featured a mute harlequin. It was from this piece that the traditional English pantomime may be said to have developed. Thus it is appropriate that Edward Dayes's striking water-colour drawing of the scene during a performance at the Drury Lane Theatre should be reproduced in this Christmas Number. This

drawing is dated 1795, when pantomime was still an entertainment for adults. The days of rivalry between David Garrick's pantomimes at Drury Lane and those of John Rich at Covent Garden were over. The famous Ju Grimaldi, under whom pantomime at Drury Lane was to reach its greatest heights, was still only in his teens. Though this was, therefore, a time of lull, the annual Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane was already as much part of the London scene as were the chimes of the City churches. Indeed, Drury Lane and pantomime

were almost synonymous and were to remain so for several generations. Between the 1914-18 war and the last war the annual Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane gradually declined and there has been no pantomime there since 1939. This is largely due to the very long runs of many recent West End productions, which make it impracticable to put on a seasonal show, and so perhaps interrupt a succession of other entertainments. In this drawing was the third on the site. The first had been erected in 1663 and it was there that Nell

Gwynn sold her oranges. After a fire in 1672 it was rebuilt by Wren. His theatre was pulled down in 1791 and the one shown above, which was designed by Henry Holland, was opened in 1794. The building was again burnt down in 1809 and Wyatt designed the new theatre, which was opened in 1811 and is the basis of today's Drury Lane theatre. This drawing was shown in the 33rd Annual Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at Thos. Agnew and Sons, Ltd., in February. (Water-colour; 14*1* by 21*1* ins.) (By courtesy of Mr. Gilbert Davis.)



(L. TO R.) UPPER: EMMETT KELLY (NATURALISED U.S. CITIZEN); COCO (BRITISH), AND RAY HIGGINSON (BRITISH). LOWER: THE FRENCH BROTHERS PAUL, FRANCOIS AND ALBERT FRATELLINI.



(L. TO R.) UPPER: TONI, TINA AND TONY GERBOLA (BRITISH). LOWER: PINOCCHIO (ITALIAN-FRENCH); GROCK (SWISS), AND JOSEPH GRIMALDI (BRITISH), WHO WAS THE CREATOR OF THE ENGLISH CLOWN.

"OH! WONDROUS FACE! HALF RED, HALF WHITE, HALF GRAND AND HALF GROTESQUE":

Christmas is the season when the circus comes to town and who would want to see a circus which hadn't got clowns—those lovable, foolish, strangely-attired figures whose roguery, buffoonery, somersaulting antics and quicksilver misfortunes endear them to young and old. A fascinating and unusual exhibition devoted to clowning was held at the Arts Theatre, in London, last year; it was compiled by Mrs. Blackie Stone and Mr. A. Rattenbury and included: " pictures both Artistic and Odd: pottery, props,

tricks, costumes Ancient and Modern, and models." One of the exhibits which excited a good deal of attention was a case containing eighty clown portraits on egg-shells: "The celebrated exact and unique eggs on which are painted and preserved for posterity the true faces of eighty circus clowns." These portraits on egg-shells, some of which are reproduced on these pages, are the delicate work of Mr. Stan Bult, the Secretary of the International Circus Clown Club, who has studied clown make-up and has made

Portraits on egg-shells



(L. TO R.) UPPER: CHICO FRASCATTI (BRITISH); CHESTER FIELD (BRITISH), AND BUTCH REYNOLDS. LOWER: SIR ROBERT FOSSETT; PERCY HUXTER (BRITISH), AND CHARLES LA BIRD, JNR. (AMERICAN).



(L. TO R.) UPPER: GEORGE TEMPERLEY (BRITISH); HARRY WHITELEY (BRITISH), AND PIMPO (BRITISH). LOWER: LULU ADAMS (BRITISH); CAMILLO (FRENCH), AND BUNNY RABBIT (ALF SINCLAIR—BRITISH).

PORTRAITS OF CLOWNS PAINTED ON EGG-SHELLS BY AN EXPERT ON CLOWNS' MAKE-UP.

371 detailed portraits, mostly from life, but some from photographs or drawings. A clown's make-up is his own individual property, and once he has decided on the make-up he wishes to adopt—or a particular make-up may have been bequeathed to him—there is an unwritten law that no one else will use it. The two chief types of clown are the Whiteface, with his elegant bespangled costume, and the Auguste, in his outsize clothes, who is always at the wrong end of the pail of water, the one who falls off the

S. Bult.

ladder and sits on the broken chair. With the exception of the portrait of Joseph Grimaldi (left-hand page, lower right) all Mr. Stan Bult's portraits shown on these pages represent circus clowns who are either living or only recently dead or retired. No series of portraits of clowns would be complete without one of the great Joseph Grimaldi (1779-1837), who was the creator of the English Clown and the first of the Joeys who took their name from him.

FORERUNNERS OF PANTOMIME: A FAMOUS SERIES OF NYMPHENBERG FIGURES.



CHARACTERS FROM THE COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE, A FORERUNNER OF ENGLISH PANTOMIME: FIVE OF THE FAMOUS NYMPHENBERG MASQUERADE FIGURES
MODELLED BY FRANZ ANTON BUSTELLI IN ABOUT 1760—(FROM L. TO R.) JULIA, DONNA MARTINA, PIERROT, COLUMBINE AND CORINE.
(Height of the central figure: 7½ ins.)

THE Italian *Commedia dell'Arte* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has had immense influence on the Western theatre. Among its offspring our own Christmas pantomime ranks high, for though it is now very much altered it drew its original inspiration from the characters and plots of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. Nine of the stock characters of the Italian original, beautifully recorded in porcelain, are shown on this page. They form part of the magnificent series of Nymphenberg masquerade figures which were modelled by Franz Anton Bustelli in about 1760. The chief feature of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, which is also known as *Commedia all'Improviso*, was that the whole of the dialogue was improvised by the actors while they were on the stage. The piece was given cohesion by the fact that the characters were all stock characters and that the plot, which was outlined in the manager's scenario, was usually a standard one. This form of theatre demanded great technical skill

(Continued opposite.)



GRACE AND CHARACTER IN PORCELAIN: (FROM L. TO R.) THE DOCTOR, LALAGE, PANTALOON AND HARLEQUIN—NYMPHENBERG
MASQUERADE FIGURES OF THE COMMEDIA DELL'ARTE SERIES.
(Height of Lalage: 7½ ins.)

Continued.]
from the actors, who usually played the same characters throughout their careers. Once a successful Pierrot always a Pierrot was the rule, as it is now with the clowns of pantomime. Each character was easily recognised by his costume (masks were also sometimes worn) and by his actions. The gaily dressed Harlequin—believed to be a reincarnation of the god Mercury—leaps on to the stage and with a wild gesture he is gone again. Pantaloone exudes avarice and is a perpetual target for derision. The beautiful Columbine matches the wit of her lover, Harlequin. These familiar characters may still be found, though greatly altered in outward appearances, in the pantomime of to-day. The nine important Nymphenberg figures shown on this page were the property of the Baroness van Zuylen van Nyevelt. From 1940-46 they were exhibited on loan at the Gemeente Museum at The Hague, and in 1954 they were sold by auction at Messrs. Christie's, of London. Sold as eight separate lots, they realised the immense total of £35,647.

THE CRYSTAL STAR—(Continued from page 28.)

She laughed happily. "Oh, we will all come! And Rudi and Josef and I are going to turn you out of your house in the morning and decorate it with garlands," she said.

The work went quickly. When little handkerchiefs and other things for people in Austria had been wrapped in gay paper and tied up with tinselled string, the more important business began. We lined each little box with cotton-wool, sprinkled that with frosting, laid the gift in its glittering nest and covered it with a spangled tuft. When I had added the card and lid and sealed the box with transparent tape, Resi decorated it with a tiny, quite perfect rosette. I refrained from saying that these would certainly be squashed flat on the journey if not ripped off by the Customs men. The finest ribbons were reserved for Gillian, Judy and Gwen. The last of the gifts lay in their boxes; Resi had covered each with a white fluff and was smiling over them when I went to the kitchen for the carton in which parcels to be entrusted to Sister Tilsey were to be posted to the sanatorium. It was too big. With the kitchen scissors I cut a couple of inches off the top. Then I found a fine length of string, but it was tied in knots. As I untied these I recalled Gillian's saying that Hubert belonged to that section of the human race which undoes the knots before putting string away; she and I to the one that won't bother until it is wanted. I would have quoted this remark to Resi but that I found her bending with so much concentration over the last of the gay parcels—Judy's—that I maintained a respectful silence instead. My handwriting on the label was unworthy of her flawless handiwork with the sealing-tape and the ribbons, I had to confess.

My praise brought warm colour to Resi's cheeks. She glanced at the clock. She had stayed longer than usual and her mother was baking, she said; was very busy; would need help in washing-up. Without waiting for our usual chat over chocolate and biscuits, she was gone.

I told myself that I had been very thoughtless but that, happily, no harm had been done.

That was, to me, a strange Christmas, all cheerfulness and gaiety on the surface yet with a strain of sadness and nostalgia running through the days. Perhaps clouded skies and cold winds chilled one's mood a little, or perhaps I was missing the family even more than I realised. Then, the memory of last Christmas, spent in the sanatorium, was grim. I suppose that indecision, too, had something to do with my faint uneasiness. I was waiting for a reply from the School of Art as to whether and when my post would be open to me, and, until that came, dared not talk to Rosa Schneider about my plans. Resi, therefore, supposed that I was leaving for ever in less than three weeks, and a shadow lay over our companionship. My Christmas visits in the village were received with warm and graceful courtesy, but the *Auf Wiedersehen* with which my hand was gripped at parting often had the note of a farewell. Resi's family were perhaps a little embarrassed by my presents. Their friendliness was restrained by formality and this made Resi, in their presence, grave and polite. She gave me a filmy handkerchief, delicately embroidered with my monogram, copied secretly from my pillow-slips—a charmingly personal gift, which must have cost much patient work. There were nutty, home-made cakes from her mother, and carved wooden figures, clever and humorous, from her father and brothers. I would treasure these things always; the *freundlichkeit* they represented; the restoring winter that they would recall. And yet, when the candle-lit windows were dark again, the torches out, the music and singing at an end in the village, I felt melancholy stealing back. Some charm that the place had grown to have for me seemed to be wearing out. Had there been some lack of balance, some disproportion in my response to it all? Was this, and only this, to blame?

It was not until the eighth of January that the answer to my enquiry came—one of a budget of letters that the Christmas rush had delayed. Yes: my return to my post after the Easter vacation was looked forward to by my students and the staff.... The greatness of my relief revealed to me how heavy my apprehension had been. Now, all could go forward: now, all was well.

Gillian's letter, a long account of Christmas and birthday festivities, I put aside to read at leisure, and I opened Judy's. It was brief. I read it through with a sense of shock that dulled me to its implications at first, then, as these crowded in upon my mind, I sank into a chair, faint and sick; agonised with self-reproach.

DARLING AUNTIE—Thank you. It is nice to be your niece-goddaughter-namesake! I shall adore wearing your crystal star. But where is it? Coming, I hope. I suppose you've discovered you sent me an empty box? Nothing stolen, because your seals and elegant rosette were intact.

I do not know for how long I stayed crouching on the rug in front of the fire. I was visualising those moments when I had left Resi alone in the room, and when I returned.

I saw the row of open boxes filled with cotton-wool. In each, having looked again at its label, I have placed the proper gift. I have made no mistake. Resi is scattering frosting over them with the sugar-spoon. I am away for ten minutes, perhaps. When I return, intending to close and seal the boxes, they are already sealed, and on all except Judy's the ribbon is tied. Resi has worked rapidly. She has clever fingers and quick wits. She finishes Judy's rosette with the utmost care, then, flushed and confused, apparently because I have praised her skill, says she must hurry home.

And since? Has she seemed candid and carefree, direct and spontaneous with me, as before? Am I only imagining that she has not?

Numb with distress, unable to think logically to a conclusion, my mind circled from reassurance to doubt—to doubt and the bitterest self-reproach.

But if it was a theft, it was not her first, I argued, in a vain effort to ease my pain. She is cunning; a little actress, practised in deceit. I had not done this horrible thing: had not, by irresponsible behaviour, corrupted an honest child.

Resi came in with logs while I brooded there, exclaiming that the room was cold and the fire nearly out; that I looked white and ill; asking, "Is there anything I can do?"

I looked at her and made my decision then. I would assume that Resi was innocent. To do anything else would be to risk doing her a most grievous wrong. I would act and speak no differently from before.

"What a lot of letters!" I heard her say. "And some not opened!" She looked at me and asked anxiously, "Oh, Miss, have you had bad news?"

"Very bad news, Resi. Judy didn't get the star. All she got was an empty box."

"Stolen!"

The word shot out instantly, fiercely, in a tone I had never heard before from Resi.

"Stolen! Like the watch our grandfather posted to Josef a few years ago! It has been stolen in the post!"

With jerky movements she built up the fire.

I would not tell her that the seals and the ribbon had been untouched. That would have been to accuse her. I asked gently, "Could you have dropped it? Did you take it out of its box?"

Wide blue eyes were lifted to mine. Her voice did not falter as she replied:

"I did, for just a minute. I wanted to look at it again. It was so beautiful. Ah, what a shame!"

"Shall we take up the carpet and search the floor?"

She shook her head.

"It wouldn't be any use. It was in the box when I shut it."

"I see."

Resi stood up. She drew the curtains and moved about restlessly. Either way, it was natural that she should feel distress. I could hear her breathing unevenly but she seemed to have nothing to say. Then her little formula came again.

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

I forced cheerfulness, friendliness, into my voice and gesture as I rose up and cleared the table.

"Ja, Liebchen," I answered. "Make the chocolate and bring those delicious biscuits your mother made."



"But if it was a theft, it was not her first, I argued, in a vain effort to ease my pain. She is cunning; a little actress, practised in deceit."

In the lengthening days I kept to my resolution and it was only because I was painting a good deal that I saw a little less of Resi than formerly. Still, I gave her the run of the chalet and sometimes went out leaving her there alone to look after a cake in the oven or tend the fire. The silence that fell sometimes between us was easily accounted for by the approach of the day when I was to leave. My reservations were made, definitely, for January the twentieth. I was going to Gillian.

In spite of a spell of bright weather, I was thankful when the twentieth came; when farewell visits were over and I was being carried away from the village on the bus. Resi had been more composed, less emotional than might have been expected. Her mother had kissed me on both cheeks, tears in her eyes, but it was I who kissed Resi and to my eyes, not hers, tears sprang. She had been pale and inert. I did not know whether I was leaving a stubborn liar or a desolate, guiltless child. Only one thing appeased my troubled spirit. I had succeeded in keeping to my resolve. I had shown Resi trust and affection right to the end.

The journey was tiring. It was with immense satisfaction that I sank into Gillian's big wing-chair, looked round at the lovely, untidy, familiar room and listened to Gillian's voice while she arranged chrysanthemums in big jars.

Gillian is always busy and never hurried. Her life is settled in a harmony so complete that she can take hazards and obstacles as they come, competent, adequate and relaxed. My tensions and projects and disillusionments seem to her immature, yet she never fails to help if she can.

"It is luck your coming this weekend," she said warmly. "It makes a triple occasion for us. Gwen, you know, had to go to her regrettable parents in Malta for Christmas—missed the dance, too—so we are having a Christmas dinner for her tonight: turkey and crackers and presents and all. Gala dress. Give Susan yours to freshen up if it's crushed."

Judy's dress had been her birthday present from Hubert and Gillian. It was ballet-length. She looked like a daffodil. Her little Welsh friend was a dark gipsy beside her: a very charming gipsy with short curly, humorous brown eyes and a mischievous smile. When, in the drawing-room after dinner, she found a pile of parcels awaiting her she swooped on them with childish glee. I saw the brown and the golden heads bent together over them and heard Judy say, lightly, "Grüss aus Innsbruck!... I hope it isn't empty, like the one Auntie sent me."

I heard her telling Gwen about the vanished pendant. Gwen began to untie the rosette. I heard myself saying, out of a beating storm of relief and hope and remorse, "It is there."

It was there, under a cotton-wool coverlet, and under another frosted piece lay Gwen's gilded filigree brooch. Judy's delight, poignantly recalling the love and sweetness I had shut out, was too much for me. I made fatigue an excuse to go to my room and wrote a long letter to Frau Schneider.

I tore it up in the morning and wrote another, telling her all about my journey and arrival, the second Christmas dinner, the gifts for Gwen, and described, without emphasis, how the star had been found.

"Tell Resi I think we were both blockheads not to have guessed how it happened," I wrote, "and tell her that I miss her very much, in spite of being with Judy here."

Then I put my cherished plan before Frau Schneider in detail; described my flat in the highest and airiest part of Bath; the little room that would be Resi's. I promised that we would work hard at her English all the summer so that she should be ready, in September, to take the training course in domestic science at the Polytechnic. I offered to pay her sufficient to cover her needs for a year and then help to find her a good post, or, if she should wish to return home, to pay her fare.

I ended by saying that I hoped the family knew me well enough to trust me with their youngest child; and felt, as I wrote that, how little I had deserved their trust.

When, next morning, that letter had been dispatched by air-mail, I felt a deep relief. Resi's image, in its crystalline truth and loyalty, shone in my thoughts again, while remorse for having subjected her to fierce temptation gave place to a much less bitter regret: self-reproach for my lack of faith. There was appeasement in reflecting on Resi's joy when my invitation came; on all that we would do together, and on the happier level to which I would be able, if all went well, to raise her life.

Gillian was interested. I had not written, nor could I speak to her, about my shameful mistake. When I showed her some pencil sketches of Resi her comment was, "What an austere little face!"

"Austere? She is all warmth; all feeling and affection," I protested.

"She has an unchildlike dignity, all the same."

"Ah, yes: she has that."

"It's a fine idea. You ought not to live alone." She laughed. "What luck! Judy wants to begin German! I do hope her people will let her come."

I looked for a joyous acceptance by return, but so many days went by bringing no letter that I began to fear mine had gone astray. It was nearly two weeks before Rosa Schneider's answer came.

Her thanks were heart-felt.

"We would have loved it for her. It would open the whole world to her," she wrote. "But nothing we can say will change Resi. She refuses to go to you. She says that you believed she had stolen your star, and she loved you and you ought to have known. She has grown stubborn and does not listen to us."

There must be some way. I can't leave it like that. No matter at what cost, I must heal that wound. Who can advise me? Not Gillian, even, in this. Perhaps Judy? What is there that I can say or do?

THE END



"It was there; Judy's delight, poignantly recalling the love and sweetness I had shut out, was too much for me. I made fatigue an excuse to go to my room."



"Customs . . . assembled, recollected and revived to make the Nativity of Christ in our own times more real, more exciting, more splendid."

HOW CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS CAME ABOUT

By JOHN PUDNEY, author of "The Net" and "Selected Poems," etc., etc.

Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD

HERE we go again with this seasonable talk about the Good Old Days—talk that has a special magic about it. In our festive thoughts, the Good Old Days are always bumper, with snow laid on thick, candles blazing in every window, fat jolly people with iron digestions and prodigious appetites.

It is all part of an innocent, jolly mythology and I, for one, am not prepared to debunk it. Yet as I sit here savouring the myth in a warm twentieth-century room, sparkling and glowing with decorations, lights, greeting cards, gay parcels and the sometimes sweet carolling of radio and television, I will be bold enough to suggest that there never were quite such Christmases in the Good Old Days. It is almost a heresy this: but, yes, I defend the twentieth-century Christmas against all-comers.



"By 1848 there were six Royal children . . ."

We benefit from hundreds of remote and recent customs and traditions which in the course of the years have been assembled, recollected and revived to make the Nativity of Christ in our own times more real, more exciting, more splendid.

Let us take first the very focus of the festival in all our homes, the Christmas-tree, evergreen symbol of continuing life, with its baubles and coloured lights so bright that they would have astonished our ancestors. I doubt if we should have found such magic in the Good Old Days. A little over a century ago, Charles Dickens himself was referring to the Christmas-tree as "a new German idea." In the "Book of Days," in 1864, Chambers noticed "Within the last twenty years, the custom has been introduced into England with the greatest success."

The tree was always a Nordic idea. In Germany it was a well-established tradition in 1798, when Coleridge spent Christmas there and wrote of "A great yew bough bearing a multitude of lighted tapers." The Germans derived the Christmas-tree from their earliest of occupations—the Roman. But it may have gone back before that and had its origin in the pagan worship of the evergreen.

Servants of the Royal family first brought the custom to England in 1829. Yet for more than a decade the Christmas-tree made no headway among the ordinary families of those Good Old Days. It went almost unnoticed in middle-class homes. Only the many German merchants who had settled in Manchester observed the custom, and William Howitt, writing in 1840, declared it "to be spreading fast among the English . . . pine-tops being brought to market for the purpose . . ."

What really won the Victorians was the appearance of an illuminated tree at Windsor Castle in 1841. Teutonic habits as such were not popular, nor was the Prince Consort who had introduced the tree. Yet a Prince

of Wales had been born and the young Queen was on her way towards establishing family life which was to win the hearts of her subjects. The idea of a Christmas-tree in the midst of the family circle made an immediate appeal.

The young German Prince who had not managed to find his way into the affections of his wife's subjects was making one of his many contributions to the English way of life when he wrote: "To-day I have two children of my own to give presents to, who, they know not why, yet feel a happy wonder at the German Christmas-tree and its radiant candles." By 1848 there were six Royal children and a portrait was reproduced showing them standing round a 6-ft.-high tree laden with candles—and our English Christmas was that much enriched.

These Royal Christmas-trees have grown with the years in popularity and in size. The monarch's home, with its festive tree, has become more and more identified with the pattern of every family's Christmas. King George V, a forthright man who never understood his own popularity, quite unconsciously added something significant to the English Christmas when he allowed himself to be persuaded to make his first broadcast from Sandringham. Very soon he was addressing his simple message to Anglo-Saxon people throughout the world, his voice booming out to bring something new and wonderfully strange to the domestic ceremonial of Christmas Day. He and his successors have spoken not only as monarchs, but as human beings and, above all, as family people, and such messages have come to symbolise the English family Christmas. Behind the spoken word there lies the idealised image of a country home. There is a magic tranquillity about Sandringham, the country house on the Norfolk estate which in recent years has provided a stately Christmas-tree to stand at the entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

Trees in churches, cathedrals and public places are a welcome novelty (borrowed again from Germany) which has grown up during my lifetime. In the post-war years, the London festive season was first enriched by the great tree from Norway standing illuminated in Trafalgar Square, attended night after night by surging crowds singing carols with pleasing



"In Tudor times it was associated with the offering or snatching of kisses."

and even tuneful fervour. Such a scene as this was unknown in the Good Old Days. It outdoes the "olde-worlde" Christmas-cards.

Mistletoe and the other evergreens have a much older history, dating back before Christianity. In the darkest days of their year, long before the birth of Christ, primitive peoples used evergreen branches for their midwinter festivals as an assertion of the continuity of life.



When Dickens suffused it with magic sentiment, and even Scrooge succumbed to the Spirit of Christmas.

The magic significance of mistletoe was potent even in the twilight of European history. Pliny wrote: "the admiration in which the mistletoe is held throughout Gaul ought not to pass unnoticed. The Druids, for so they call their wizards, esteem nothing more sacred than the mistletoe and the tree on which it grows, provided only that the tree is an oak." The oak was the most sacred tree in that ancient world. Anything that grew upon it, particularly the sweet parasitical mistletoe, was regarded as having been sent straight from Heaven.

The mistletoe story is a long one. It was held sacred by our pagan ancestors. Christianity took it over from them. In Tudor times it was associated with the offering or snatching of kisses. It truly belongs to the Good Old Days. If it has lost some of its pagan sacredness it has gained as one of the social graces.

And what of Christmas fare? How did the Good Old Days really manage the all-important matters of the table? For the privileged and noble, I must concede a greater choice than the present usually affords—with boar's head as a centre-piece, and such delicacies as roasted swans, peacocks and bustards, gorgeously dressed for the table in their natural plumage, garnished with gilded beaks. For the rank and file the main dish would be a fat goose. The turkey was unknown here until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was first imported for breeding from Mexico. Its popularity grew. A little more than a century later, Norwich alone was despatching a thousand turkeys a day for the London Christmas market—with no deep freeze to receive them.



"Our most primitive ancestors held their festivals of fire and evergreen renewal."

We are less opulent to-day in pies than we were in Tudor times, when there were minces of chicken, venison, tongue, savoury egg, as well as the conventional sweet mince pies. Nevertheless, our mince pies are of early Christian origin, for the spices are placed in them to recall the gifts of the Three Kings at the Nativity.

Plum pudding does not seem to have appeared on the British menu until the middle of the seventeenth century, though the customs associated with it go back much earlier. Its predecessor was less delectable—a plum porridge of sorts, made with wine and fruit juices. But then, as now, every member of the household would have a stir of this and would offer up a secret wish. A coin, a ring and a thimble went in to the mixture to bring to their finders respectively wealth, marriage or a life of single virtue.

I can only think that the current price of brandy has caused a decline in the exciting ordeal of snapdragon, which otherwise would surely challenge the attraction of the television screen in a darkened room. Ever since man has learnt to play with fire and to distil fiery spirits, this harmless frolic of pulling raisins out of a dish of burning brandy and popping them, still flaming, into the mouth, has flourished. It belongs to the time of the winter solstice when ceremonial fires have always been burned to hearten the dying sun and to celebrate the turn of the year.

The whole festival of Christmas is unashamedly based upon a paganism which outdates known history. Our most primitive ancestors held their festivals of fire and evergreen renewal. Later, the Roman occupying troops brought their own jollifications, the festival of misrule which was the saturnalia. The Christian Church in her wisdom never attempted to do away with ancient customs and beliefs. When the English came to be converted to Christianity, the borrowing of pagan feasts and customs by the Church was a part of an established policy.

In the Julian calendar, December 25 was the winter solstice, the nativity of the sun. The ritual of that nativity, as celebrated in Syria and Egypt, was described by Sir James Fraser in "The Golden Bough":

"The celebrants retired into certain inner shrines from which at midnight they issued with a loud cry, 'The Virgin has brought forth! The light is waxing!' The Egyptians even represented the new-born sun by the image of an infant which on his birthday, the winter solstice, they brought forth and exhibited to his worshippers. No doubt the Virgin who thus conceived and bore a son on the twenty-fifth of December was the great Oriental goddess whom the Semites called the Heavenly Virgin or simply the Heavenly Goddess; in Semitic lands she was a form of Astarte."



The winter solstice, the nativity of the sun, as celebrated in Ancient Egypt.

Fraser points out that the Gospels gave no exact date for the birth of Christ and, indeed, the early Church did not celebrate it. "In time, however, the Christians of Egypt came to regard the sixth of January as the date of the Nativity, and the custom of commemorating the birth of the Saviour on that day gradually

spread until by the fourth century it was universally established in the East. But at the end of the third or the beginning of the fourth century the Western Church, which had never recognised the sixth of January as the day of the Nativity, adopted the twenty-fifth of December as the true date, and in time its decision was accepted also by the Eastern Church."

To support this he quotes the writings of an early Christian Syrian: "The reason why the fathers transferred the celebrations of the sixth of



"The Puritan Parliament of 1644 actually prohibited the keeping of Christmas."

January to the twenty-fifth of December was this. It was a custom of the heathen to celebrate on the same twenty-fifth of December the birthday of the Sun, at which they kindled lights in token of festivity. In these solemnities and festivities the Christians also took part. Accordingly when the doctors of the Church perceived that the Christians had a leaning to this festival, they took counsel and resolved that the true Nativity should be solemnised on that day and the festival of the Epiphany on the sixth of January. Accordingly, along with this custom, the practice has prevailed of kindling fires till the sixth."



"Father Christmas came back, of course, and his character has mellowed with the years."

This, I think, establishes the religious aspect of the twelve days of Christmas to be heathen before they were ever Christian. Yet you will notice that Father Christmas himself is missing from these early scenes. His red dressing-gown, his hood, and his flowing beard belong, in fact, to the Teutonic influences of recent times, even if the basic impetus behind the old gentleman has a long tradition in many different guises. In the northern twilight of primitive Europe he was Woden, who travelled by reindeer across the snows bearing gifts. When the Church at last found him, he was turned into a saint—St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, whose day was December 6.

The good St. Nicholas was a fourth-century Bishop of Myra, but he found great favour with Europeans from Bavaria north to Scandinavia: and it was as Santa Claus that he emerged from Germany to begin his reign in Victorian England. The now familiar Father Christmas of the red dressing-gown and the hood is less than a century old, and not quite the grand old man we like to imagine.

Yet in other guises England was aware of him from the prehistoric days of Woden to the Teutonically-flavoured times of the Prince Consort. In fanciful dress he was known to the Court of King James I, where the poet Ben Jonson wrote a masque in his honour. Long before that, a bucolic Father Christmas stumped the countryside as a character in one of the Mummers' Plays, announcing himself thus :

In comes I, Father Christmas
Welcome or welcome not.
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

It may seem odd in these days that he was so unsure of his welcome.



"Protests poured in, defending the myth of Father Christmas."

"Any man or woman, that can give any knowledge of an old, old, very old grey-bearded gentleman, called Christmas, who was wont to be a verie familiar guest, and visited all sorts of people, both pore and rich, and used to appear in glittering gold, silk, and silver, in the Court, and in all shapes in the Theatre in Whitehall; whosoever can tel what is become of him, or where he may be found, let them bring him back againe into England."

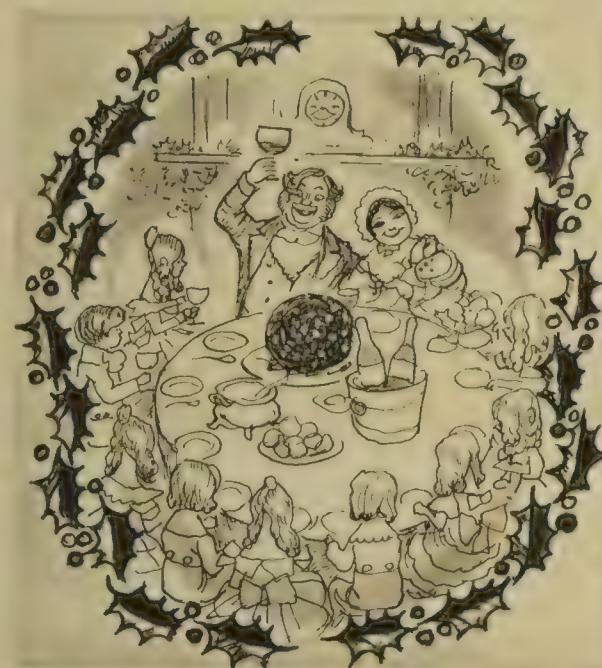
Father Christmas came back, of course, and his character has mellowed with the years. He is more benign, and perhaps more respectable than his former self. He is not averse to keeping up with the times and now arrives not only by reindeer, but also by jet aircraft and helicopter.

Among the very young, moreover, there is surely no falling-off in loyalty to this kindly spirit. A broadcast discussion about him recently caused uproar—and no wonder. Around the microphone was gathered a group of cynical and sagacious adults who solemnly discussed whether modern children should believe in Santa Claus and at what age they were likely to cease that happy belief. The discussion was tactlessly arranged at a time when the young were still up and about, and thus vulnerable to the possibility of having their illusions shattered. Protests

poured in, defending the myth of Father Christmas. They left no doubt that his saintly reputation is positively enhanced by radio and television.

In spite of the charge that this age is obsessed with material things, there are many aspects of our Christmas which are, in fact, less mundane and more Christian than they were in the Good Old Days. I have been lucky enough to come across a family scrap-book, bearing my father's signature in 1879, and containing a complete collection of the family

Christmas cards for that period. Among several hundred of them, there are only two or three which bear any Christian message, and these, strangely enough, carry not a nativity scene but a crucifix. Many of the cards are wonderfully ornate, with gold-embossed edges, lace mountings, pressed flowers and ingenious devices by which they open up—so well made, that they still work. For all their richness, quaintness and curiosity, I do not think these relics of the



"A merry but by no means inebriated family table."

Good Old Days begin to compete with the splendour, wit and artistic achievement which assemble in such abundance upon our mantelpieces in the 1950's.

The first Christmas card appeared in the 1840's. Its centre panel showed a merry but by no means inebriated family table. Those raised glasses, however, were enough to cause the new-fangled greetings to be denounced as an encouragement to drunkenness. It was not until twenty years later, in the 1860's, that the pictorial card became a national institution.

Even more dramatic changes in ideas and popularity have overtaken Christmas carols. In his "Every-Day" book, William Hone writes in 1825 that "carols begin to be spoken of as not belonging to this century." Yet more than five hundred years ago, there was an English carol opening with the line "Hail Father Christmas, hail to thee!" Like so much else that was lively and innocently hilarious, the singing of carols was abolished in Cromwellian times, and for several hundred years afterwards they were never heard either in church or in the homes of the wealthy. Hone



In 1825: "These ditties . . . now exclusively enliven the industrious servant-maid . . ."



"He is not averse to keeping up with the times and now arrives not only by reindeer, but also by jet aircraft and helicopter."

writes sadly: "These ditties, which now exclusively enliven the industrious servant-maid, and the humble labourer, gladdened the festivity of royalty in ancient times."

The word "carol" itself has a humble origin, deriving from chorus dancing to the tunes of a flute. Mediaeval England, in fact, danced their carols during the long twelve-day festival of Christmas. Many of the earliest carols, superb in their simple beauty, were really lilting songs sung at this season, but not always directly honouring the Nativity as in the most beautiful of them all, the fifteenth-century Coventry carol. In his introduction to "The Oxford Book of Carols," Mr. Percy Dearmer states: "Only in the lifetime of Chaucer are there signs of the carol beginning to emerge as something different from a poem . . . it is difficult, if not impossible, to find any example of an authentic carol which can with certainty be dated earlier than 1400 . . . the carol arose with the ballad in the fifteenth century, because people wanted something less severe than the old Latin office hymns, something more vivacious than the plainsong melodies . . ."

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, all the wealth of these early vernacular songs was practically extinct. The carol had never recovered from Cromwell, and indeed the services of the Church of England had become desolate and moribund. It was a revival of vigour and beauty in church services during the first quarter of the century which enabled the carol to come back, and it was only then that they began to find their way into print.

Curiously enough, the carol owes its revival mostly to a mid-Victorian discovery of a Scandinavian collection. To quote "The Oxford Book" again: "A very rare Swedish book had come into the possession of the editors of the 'Hymnal Noted' of 1852, the Rev. J. M. Neale and the Rev. T. Helmore: it was called 'Piae Cantiones' and was full of exquisite

"The Ivy" and "The Seven Joys of Mary" were not re-discovered until almost the turn of the century, by the great Cecil Sharp.

So in carols and Christmas music we are richer now than our forbears of the Good Old Days, and I suspect that our standards of performance are higher. It must be conceded even by those who denounce the mechanisation of this age that radio and television can contribute vastly to the pleasures of Christmas in the home. Choirs such as those of the Vatican, King's College, Cambridge, St. Stephen's, Vienna, bring a new richness of experience which was unimaginable in my boyhood Christmases, just after the First World War. That generation might hear the choir of the local church or perhaps of one cathedral. Our children, if they care to be discriminating, are able to range round the world.

It may be because of this that I find the performances of the waits more tolerable than in years gone by. Those who come to our doors nowadays have taken the trouble to learn more than one verse of the words. It is not uncommon even to find some of them with sheets of music.

But now as then, the December air is sometimes affronted by the solitary wait who tries his luck with a melancholy chant, and one finds oneself for once sympathetically recalling Scrooge. Remember? "The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at

Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol: but at the first sound of
God rest you merry, gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay!"

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost."

To be accurate we should not charge the waits of Christmas with the task of remembering all the words: for they were, according to some dictionaries, "a small body of wind instrumentalists maintained by a city or town at the public charge," and by others as "itinerant musicians, originally watchmen, who welcome-in Christmas . . ."

As civic bodies they were mostly disbanded towards the end of the eighteenth century on the grounds that they were not earning their keep, and amateur bands took over—on a pay-as-you-go basis.

The handbell-ringers, like the mummers, have diminished; but surely there is hope that this century will see them restored. For Christmas, as I see it, improves year by year in meaning and quality. THE END.



"Itinerant musicians, originally watchmen, who welcome-in Christmas . . ."



Victorian carols—"importations from Germany which first took the public fancy . . ."

sixteenth-century tunes. Neale translated some of the carols or hymns therein, and in 1853 he and Helmore published 'Carols for Christmas-tide,' twelve carols, with music from the old book."

Yet many of the traditional English works were ignored and once again it was the importations from Germany which first took the public fancy. Of these "Good King Wenceslas" has remained in the lead to this day. Some of the lovely native English things such as "The Holly and



Carols to-day—"I find the performance more tolerable than in years gone by."



"... But that child—I suppose you've never heard of a village called Callister?" he asked suddenly. "Yes, yes indeed," I replied slowly.

TOLD BY A GHOST.

By MARION BUCKE.

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

HE young man turned from the portrait above the writing-desk, turned and stared at me in a way that would have caused a flush of embarrassment had I been his own age. But that I was not. Indeed, I was old enough to be his mother, for it was my own son, Jim, who had brought him down to spend his Christmas holiday with us.

"Mother, this is Vincent," Jim had introduced us only a few minutes earlier, and had left us to get acquainted while he took their cases upstairs.

It was strange, I thought, that the portrait of a child should have so attracted his attention, and I asked him, more to break the silence between us than for any other reason, whether he were interested in portraits.

"Not particularly," he replied, "but that child—I suppose you've never heard of a village called Callister?" he asked suddenly. "My father used to own an old farmhouse there—Callister Manor."

"Yes, yes indeed," I replied slowly.

"Then you know it!" But there was no real surprise in his voice.

I knew that the Manor had changed hands several times since my own childhood, and as he spoke, my thoughts were already back there.

"It was always during the Christmas holidays, too," he mused.

"Yes, the Christmas holidays," I reflected.

I can remember now our sitting for those portraits a year or so after Sir Michael Bennett, the famous painter, had come to the village. My mother had wanted us done as a group, but Sir Michael had stood firm by his original proposal to paint us separately, and as it was to be a gift to my parents the decision was left to him. We were so different, he had explained, that we were worth a portrait each.

Different we certainly were. Janet, four years older than myself, had always been the most self-composed of the three of us. In childhood those four years had meant an impenetrable gulf between us, but even when we were much older I never felt that I had properly caught her up.

It was Mary and I who had been inseparable. Although eighteen months my junior, her spirit had always been more adventurous than mine, nor did I grudge her the special place that she held in all our hearts. It seemed quite natural that with her dark, curly hair, her tinkling laugh and graceful, elf-like movements she should be everybody's darling.

Beside her I knew myself to be hopelessly dull, and uneasy with the grown-ups. I was plain, too, with my straight, colourless hair—"just like

a handful of straw" Mary had often teased me as we romped together in the haystacks on the farm.

It had been arranged that we should go for our portraits in order of seniority, so that Janet's had been painted first. I remember how excited she had been after each sitting and how indignant that Mary and I had shown so little enthusiasm. I remember thinking how gladly I would have let Janet sit again instead of me, but I knew that it was something which had to be borne with to please my parents. And I had wondered fearfully how Mary would ever manage to sit still for so long at a time.

But Mary's turn never came.

It was at the beginning of the Christmas holidays that the cold spell started and I remember how the frost had settled like a canopy of soft wool upon every leaf and blade of grass, hushing the whole world in silent tribute.

"You couldn't make me sit in that stuffy studio now," Mary had begged our mother when we heard that the ice on Marchman's pond was bearing. And mother, with her usual indulgence, had agreed, on condition that we first went round and asked Sir Michael if he would excuse her for a few days.

That was easy; Sir Michael adding that if the ice were good enough for skating, he would come and join us. So that we had only waited to thank him before hurrying off.

We took the path that led from his garden across the fields, our quick steps scraping lightly over the ice-bound earth; and even now I can never hear my footsteps on a frosty day without seeing again that December morning.

In a few minutes we were gazing excitedly upon the frozen lake. I noticed a group of children sliding about at the furthermost end as Mary slipped down the bank, her hand resting lightly upon one of the branches that hung low from the surrounding trees.

"Hadn't we better go down the other end?" I'd suggested cautiously. "You know it's deep here."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" Mary had exclaimed, and with an ecstatic cry she had launched out across the ice.

What happened next I can still see as clearly as the figures on a Japanese print, as clear yet as unreal.

One of the boys at the other end of the pond was shouting, but his voice was drowned by a scream from Mary as the treacherous cracks

spread fanwise from her feet, and there was a sound as of brown paper being crumpled in my eardrums.

While I was still wondering whether I should scramble to safety or attempt to reach Mary, I saw the ice submerge around me too, and as I stretched out to catch the branch above my head my legs fell deep in the frozen water.

I suppose that if I had lost consciousness, I would have lost my hold on the branch as well, and yet I remembered no more until the fitful wakings to see my mother at my bedside; other faces, too, faces of strangers, words and phrases that drifted through my ears in the moments before I sank back into forgetfulness. Weeks later, when I had quite recovered, they told me that Mary was dead.

"I was away at school when my parents moved into the Manor," Vincent was saying, "so it was the Christmas holidays when I first went there.

"It was late in the afternoon that I saw them, the day after my arrival. I had been given the big room at the end of the wing overlooking the stables, and I had gone up there to fetch a book after tea when I heard the sound of children's voices beneath the window. Looking out I saw a girl of about my own age, a girl with rather odd, straw-coloured hair. I couldn't see her companion, but I imagined her to be round the corner, for I heard her laugh.

"When I went downstairs I told my parents about them, hoping we might be able to make friends, for I was an only child.

"Must be some children from the village," my father had grumbled, "they've no business coming here like that."

"But the following day I saw them again, or rather 'her,' for although she seemed to be laughing with someone else, she was alone. I called to her, but she ran away round the corner of the house and although I tried to find her she had disappeared.

"I heard them often during the weeks that followed, and in different places. They seemed to be having a kind of game with me, but I thought it poor fun that they never gave me a chance to join them. They even came into the house once, early one morning. I heard them laughing in the passage outside my room and jumped out of bed. When she saw me the girl ran off towards the back staircase, calling to the other. I didn't give chase for fear my father should catch them and make trouble. But usually it was when I was in the garden that they were there, and once even when I was down by Marchman's pond.

"I remember a faint feeling of disappointment when I was home for Easter, and they no longer came. And by the summer holidays I had forgotten them completely. I had a school friend with me, anyway.

"Imagine my surprise, then, when next Christmas they were there again! It happened just like the first time. I was in my

room when I heard them beneath the window and looking out I saw her again. Hardly suppressing my excitement, I told my mother that the children who had been there the year before were back. I remember that she had hesitated uncomfortably before telling me to take no notice of them, adding that like that they wouldn't trouble me.

"It had been on the tip of my tongue to reply that far from their troubling me I wanted to see more of them, but her manner had been so devoid of its usual sympathy that I guessed it better to drop the subject. Thinking back afterwards how perturbed she had been, I guessed that during my absence she must have learnt something of their identity and found them to be children with whom I must not mix.

"As far as I could recollect, it happened just the same as the other Christmas holidays. They were there laughing, as it seemed, behind my back, and in the same places. There was even, once again, the morning that they were in the corridor outside and once down by Marchman's pond.

"The next two winters I was away from Callister, spending one Christmas with my grandmother and the next with friends.

"The last time that I was there was after my father died. I had left school by then and my mother was selling up the Manor in order to buy a small house. I went down for the inside of a week to spend Christmas with her."

He stopped to see whether I was still giving him my attention and I nodded to him to continue.

"Up till then," he went on, "it all seemed quite possible. Perhaps I should have thought it strange that I never saw more than one child, although I always heard two, and that I never managed to get close to them. I suppose a normal child doesn't bother to think things like that strange.

"But it was that last time that set me wondering. I heard the voices with the same surprise as I had heard them as a boy, and had opened the window with as much curiosity. But this time when I saw who was below I realised that I had witnessed something that it took more than ordinary logic to explain, because whereas I had now grown up to manhood, the girl had in no way changed from the first time that I had seen her.

"Have you guessed?" he turned to me as he finished, and turned again to the portrait.

"You mean," I asked, "that you think that's the likeness of the child you used to see at Callister?"

"Certain of it," he replied. "I'd know her anywhere. Besides, there's that odd, straw-coloured hair."

And I noticed that he was staring very hard at my own. Because, you see, my hair, even now, has not lost its colour and the portrait is the portrait of myself.

THE END.



KEY TO THE COLOUR PAGE OF THE BATTLE OF CRECY ON PAGE 45 THE NAMES MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK ARE THOSE OF SOME OF THE FOUNDER MEMBERS OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

1. Edward III, King of England.

2. St. George of England.

3. Thomas Hatfield, Bishop of Durham.

4. Edward III, King of England.

THE ENGLISH

28. Lord Welles.

29. Sir Roger Mortimer.*

30. Sir John Neville.

31. Sir Hugh de Hastings.

32. Sir Walter de Wentwate.

FIRST BATTLE

33. Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales, the Black Prince.*

34. Halland, Earl of Kent.*

35. Vere, Earl of Oxford.

36. Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

37. Sir John de Montague.

38. Sir Bartholomew Berghersh.*

39. Sir Robert Neville.

40. Lord Thomas Clifford.

41. Lord Latimer.

42. Sir John Chandos.*

43. Lord Mauley.

44. Sir John Hastings.

45. Lord Bouchier.

46. Sir Thomas Felton.

47. A. Stafford.

48. Sir Edward de Monthermer.

49. Sir Thomas Ughtred.

50. Lord Maurice de Berkely.

51. Sir Michael de la Pole.

52. Lord Geoffrey de Harcourt.

53. Sir John de Grailly.

54. Sir Reginald de Cobham.

55. Sir Richard Fitz-Simon.*

56. Lord Grey of Rotherfield.*

57. Lord Scales.

58. Sir William Huntingfield.

59. Sir Richard Beaumont.

(Standard Bearer to the Prince of Wales.)

60. Sir Thomas Danvers.

61. Sir Hugh Stafford.

62. Sir John Cornwall.

63. Sir James Audley.*

64. Sir John Radcliffe.

65. Lord de la Warre.

SECOND BATTLE

66. Bohun, Earl of Northampton (brother of the Earl of Hereford).

67. Courtenay, Earl of Devon.

68. Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Derby, Duke of Lancaster.*

69. Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel.

70. Hastings, Earl of Pembroke.

71. Lord Roos.

72. Lord Willoughby.

73. Lord Ryther.

74. Sir Miles Stapleton.*

75. Lord Zouche.

76. Sir William Deincourt.

77. Sir William Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny.

78. Ralph, Lord Basset of Drayton.

79. Richard, Lord Talbot.

80. Lord Merton.

81. Sir Thomas Percy.

82. Lord Lucy.

83. Lord Morley.

84. Sir Richard de la Vache.

85. Sir John de L'Isle.*

86. Sir Thomas Grandison.

87. Sir Ralph Stafford.*

88. Lord Fitz-Payne.

89. Lord Saye.

90. Sir Lewis Tufton.

91. Lord Mowbray.

92. Sir William Ufford.

93. Lord Lascells.

94. Sir John Tiptoft.

95. Sir Richard Pembrugge.

96. Edward Lord le Despencer.

97. John Lord Mohun.*

98. Sir Simon de Buryle.

99. Lord Thomas Berkely.

THE FRENCH

100. The Earl of Montfort.

101. Count of Blois.

102. Earl of Harcourt.

103. Earl of Sancerre.

104. Lord D'Aubigny.

105. King of Majorca.

106. Montmorency, Constable of France.

107. Earl of Hainault.

108. Philippe de Valois, King of France.

109. King of Bohemia.

110. An Oriflamme.

111. Philippe de Valois, King of France.

112. Earl of Alençon.

113. Duke of Lorraine.

114. Duke of Barr.

"You mean," I asked, "that you think that's the likeness of the child you used to see at Callister?"

"Certain of it," he replied. "I'd know her anywhere. Besides, there's that odd, straw-coloured hair."

And I noticed that he was staring very hard at my own. Because, you see, my hair, even now, has not lost its colour and the portrait is the portrait of myself.

THE END.



A PAGE OF PAGEANTRY: THE SPLENDOUR OF MEDIÆVAL HERALDRY IN THE BANNERS OF THE OPPONING NOBLES WHO FOUGHT AT CRECY.

"The Battle of Crecy," for which there is a key to the banners on page 44, is an interesting painting by Mr. Dan Escott. It is a pleasant mixture of mediæval and modern styles, and of historical fact and imaginative fancy, based on the account by Froissart. It is painted in gouache and gold leaf, which adds to the

mediæval effect produced by the free perspective, the flat colours and lighting, the Gothic arcade and the flying angels. A historical detail is the Black Prince in the front line (see key), with his father, King Edward III, by the windmill on the slopes behind, imperturbably watching the boy winning his spurs.



A PAINTING BY A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH ARTIST WHO USED BOTH THE MACAW AND HOOPOE IN OTHER COMPOSITIONS : MACAW AND OTHER BIRDS WITH A MONKEY, BY MELCHIOR D'HONDECOETER. (Reproduced by courtesy of Colonel J. Price Wood.)



A MACAW AS A DOMINATING FEATURE IN A LOVELY PAINTING BY A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN ARTIST : STILL-LIFE WITH FRUIT, FLOWERS AND PARROT IN A LANDSCAPE SETTING BY MICHELANGELO PACE DI CAMPIDOGLIO. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Rt. Hon. Earl of Leicester.)

THE MACAW AS THE CHIEF ORNAMENT IN STILL-LIFE PAINTINGS BY 17th-CENTURY DUTCH AND ITALIAN ARTISTS.

Colourful and exotic birds, particularly macaws with their brilliant plumage and long, graceful tail feathers, frequently appear as decorative elements in painting. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Jan Brueghel the Elder, closely followed by Savery, was filling his landscapes with animals, flowers and

birds. Melchior d'Hondecoeter (1636-1695) had a profound knowledge of bird life and frequently used the same models in different pictures. The pictures on this page were on view at a loan exhibition of "Still-Life, Bird and Flower Paintings of the 17th and 18th Centuries," held at Norwich Castle Museum last year.



A FEAST FOR THE EYES: "FRUIT AND FLOWERS"—A MAGNIFICENT DUTCH STILL LIFE BY JAN VAN OS.

Christmas is a time of feasting—a time when all of us try to add something special to our normal lives. To the owner of a collection of Dutch still-life paintings inspiration for that something extra at Christmas must often come from his paintings. Dutch artists of many generations have taken infinite pains to record in paint the beauty and pleasures of their

life. Perhaps most beautiful of all are the many superb paintings of fruit and flowers—painted with infinite skill and detail these provide a marvellous feast for the eyes. This colourful painting by Jan van Os (1744–1808), who was poet as well as artist, may well be taken as an outstanding example of this pleasing form of art.



APRIL. (From left to right.) A sprig of blossoms from the cockspur thorn; a pear blossom (*Magnolia stellata*) ; and an apple blossom.

MAY. Gull's eggs ; a bunch of radishes ; and two sticks of asparagus.

JUNE. The hybrid musk rose (*Felicia* " ") ; green peas and broad beans ; a gooseberry ; and the fruit, flowers and leaf of straw- berry.

APRIL											
Sunday	—	7	14	21	28						
Monday	1	8	15	22	29						
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30						
Wednesday	3	10	17	24							
Thursday	4	11	18	25							
Friday	5	12	19	26							
Saturday	6	13	20	27							

MAY											
Sunday	—	5	12	19	26						
Monday	—	6	13	20	27						
Tuesday	—	7	14	21	28						
Wednesday	1	8	15	22	29						
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30						
Friday	3	10	17	24	31						
Saturday	4	11	18	25							

JUNE											
Sunday	—	2	9	16	23	30					
Monday	—	3	10	17	24						
Tuesday	—	4	11	18	25						
Wednesday	5	12	19	26							
Thursday	6	13	20	27							
Friday	7	14	21	28							
Saturday	8	15	22	29							

"THE TWELVE LITTLE MONTHS."

JANUARY. (From left to right.) A white hyacinth flower ; a spray of butcher's broom ; a small gooseberry ; a stick of celery ; privet berries.

FEBRUARY. Lycchee fruit; gladiolus corms; two cumquats; small Far Eastern oranges.

MARCH. Double daffodils ; primroses and polyanthus; flowers and leaves ; and a grape hyacinth.

A CALENDAR FOR 1957.

JANUARY											
Sunday	—	6	13	20	27						
Monday	1	8	15	22	29						
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30						
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31						
Thursday	4	11	18	25							
Friday	5	12	19	26							
Saturday	6	13	20	27							

FEBRUARY											
Sunday	—	3	10	17	24						
Monday	—	4	11	18	25						
Tuesday	—	5	12	19	26						
Wednesday	—	6	13	20	27						
Thursday	—	7	14	21	28						
Friday	—	8	15	22	29						
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30						

MARCH											
Sunday	—	3	10	17	24	31					
Monday	—	4	11	18	25						
Tuesday	—	5	12	19	26						
Wednesday	—	6	13	20	27						
Thursday	—	7	14	21	28						
Friday	—	8	15	22	29						
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30						

APRIL											
Sunday	—	7	14	21	28						
Monday	1	8	15	22	29						
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30						
Wednesday	3	10	17	24							
Thursday	4	11	18	25							
Friday	5	12	19	26							
Saturday	6	13	20	27							

MAY											
Sunday	—	5	12	19	26						
Monday	—	6	13	20	27						
Tuesday	—	7	14	21	28						
Wednesday	1	8	15	22	29						
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30						
Friday	3	10	17	24	31						
Saturday	4	11	18	25							

JUNE											
Sunday	—	2	9	16	23	30					
Monday	—	3	10	17	24						
Tuesday	—	4	11	18	25						
Wednesday	5	12	19	26							
Thursday	6	13	20	27							
Friday	7	14	21	28							
Saturday	8	15	22	29							

JULY											
Sunday	—	7	14	21	28						
Monday	1	8	15	22	29						
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30						
Wednesday	3	10	17	24	31						
Thursday	4	11	18	25							
Friday	5	12	19	26							
Saturday	6	13	20	27							

AUGUST											
Sunday	—	4	11	18	25						
Monday	—	5	12	19	26						
Tuesday	—	6	13	20	27						
Wednesday	—	7	14	21	28						
Thursday	—	8	15	22	29						
Friday	—	9	16	23	30						
Saturday	7	14	21	28							

SEPTEMBER											
Sunday	—	1	8	15	22	29					
Monday	—	2	9	16	23	30					
Tuesday	—	3	10	17	24						
Wednesday	—	4	11	18	25						
Thursday	—	5	12	19	26						
Friday	—	6	13	20	27						
Saturday	7	14	21	28							

OCTOBER											
Sunday	—	1	8	15	22	29					
Monday	—	2	9	16	23	30					
Tuesday	—	3	10	17	24						
Wednesday	—	4	11	18	25						
Thursday	—	5	12	19	26						
Friday	—	6	13	20	27						
Saturday	7	14	21	28							

From panels painted in egg tempera by Eliot Hodgkin, also reproduced on a Jaeger scarf called "All the Year Round."



NATURE'S SIGNATURES TO THE YEAR: "TWELVE LITTLE MONTHS" EPITOMISED IN PANELS BY ELIOT HODGKIN—A COUNTRY-HOUSE SEQUENCE OF NATURAL DELIGHTS.

From panels painted in egg tempera by Eliot Hodgkin, also reproduced on a Jaeger scarf called "All the Year Round."



A CHRISTMAS CARD.

In this pleasant and touching fantasia upon the Christmas theme, child angels lead shepherds and kings of the East and children, fair- and dark-skinned alike, to a stable in a snowy setting, over which the star shines and around which the angel choir is singing—in that true spirit of Christmas :
"Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !"

From a water-colour drawing by Daphne Allen.



EXERCISING WITH THEIR CHRISTMAS TOYS: "THE ARTIST'S THREE SONS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS"—A CHARMING PAINTING BY LOUIS-LEOPOLD BOILLY (1761-1845).

There can be few things more pleasurable for the gifted artist than to paint his own children; and few artists can have done this with more charm than Louis-Leopold Boilly in this enchanting painting of his three sons at play. This painting was recently shown in London in an impressive exhibition at the William Hallsborough Gallery. It is interesting to note that at the same time an exhibition in Paris of "Masterpieces from the Museum at Douai" included the smaller "grisaille" study for this painting. Boilly was the son of a wood carver and he began his artistic studies at Douai. After some years in Arras—where he is said to have painted 300 portraits—Boilly reached Paris in 1784 and took to painting *tableaux de modes*. He became a recorder of social life in the years of the Revolution. The family's artistic tradition was carried on by one of Louis-Leopold's sons, Julien-Leopold Boilly, who was also a painter. (By Courtesy of H. J. Hyams, Esq.)



A GARLAND FOR THE VIRGIN—FROM THE GREAT JESUIT PAINTER AND GARDENER, DANIEL SEGHERS.

Daniel Seghers (1590-1661) ranks among the greatest of the Flemish painters of flowers. A pupil of Jan Brueghel the Elder (Velvet Brueghel), he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1614 and abandoned painting. But at the end of his novitiate he was allowed to resume his artistic studies. He found that he was able greatly to enhance his community's income by meeting the large demands for his work. Many of his works are similar in character to the one reproduced

here. He himself would paint a garland of flowers surrounding a religious group by another artist, notably Rubens, and in this case probably Erasmus Quellinus. Seghers himself cultivated the flowers which he used as models. The relief in this work shows the Virgin and Child with St. Elizabeth in adoration. This painting, from the Dulwich Gallery Collection, is signed "Daniel Seghers, Soctis. Jesu," and was included in the 1953-54 Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of Flemish Art.

By courtesy of the Governors of Dulwich College.

LADY ROSE McLAREN

GIVES A TEA PARTY



THIS charming informal group was taken at a Fancy Dress party given by Lady Rose McLaren for her daughters, Victoria (the fairy), who is eleven, and Harriet (the Red Cross nurse), aged seven, at their lovely Queen Anne house in Chelsea.

Lady Rose McLaren, who is the sister of George Charles Henry Victor Paget, 7th Marquis of Anglesey, and the widow of the Hon. John Francis McLaren, son of Baron Aberconway, pauses for well-earned refreshment before signalling 'on with the fun.' Grateful daughter Harriet pours her mother's favourite brew,* while Victoria waves her magic wand over the teapot.

* The "favourite brew" of course is Brooke Bond "Choicest." Because it's always fresh. Because it's readily available from the grocer. And because they really like it best.

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- ★ No, don't panic, we're not suggesting you buy a whole crate. This little Christmas 'tea-chest' contains four $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packets of tea.
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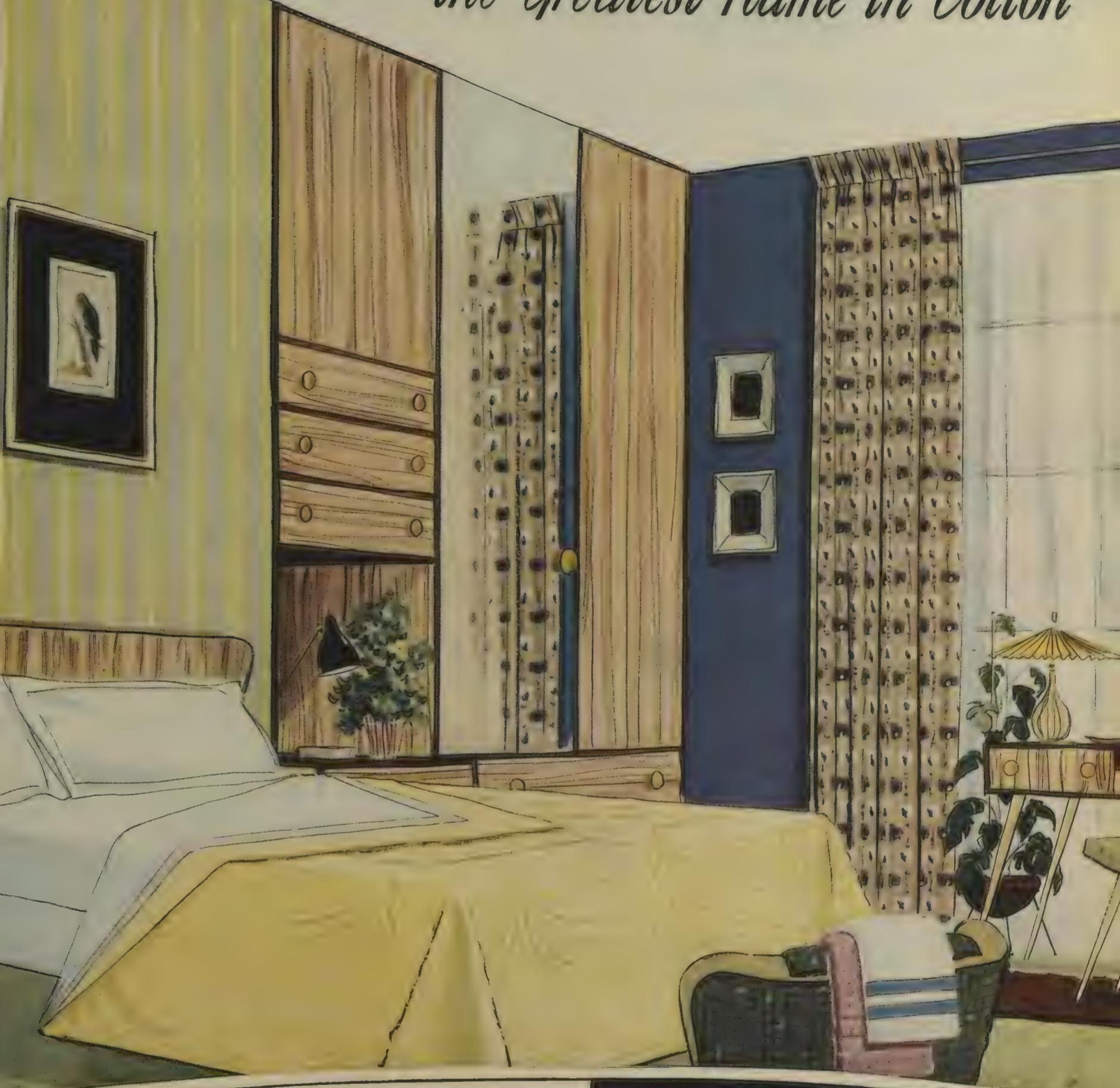
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they're very modestly priced and easy to shop for.

You'll usually find Aertex, Merella and Cotella together in the shops, for they're all made by the same famous people.



4



1



2



3



5

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2 For daughter Cotella blouse in Merella — the new cotton-and-wool fabric, with no-shrink guarantee. White, cream, blue, green or grey, with elastic waist. From 15/9

3 For son Aertex 'Rex' blouse — yellow, green or blue, in three sizes. 12/11. 'Bobby' knicker, elastic-waisted, in six colours and four sizes. From 14/-

4 For big brother He'll be pyjama-perfect in this pair by Cotella. Silky-soft Oxford fabric, plain colours or stripes galore — luxury for 49/6

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for Christmas...*

*A fascinating
exotic perfume
created by Lubin*



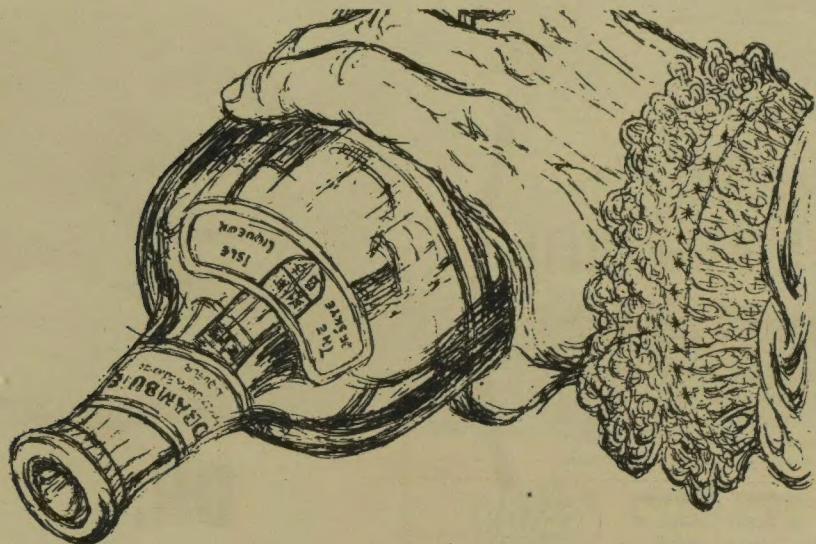
LUBIN

NUIT DE LONGCHAMP

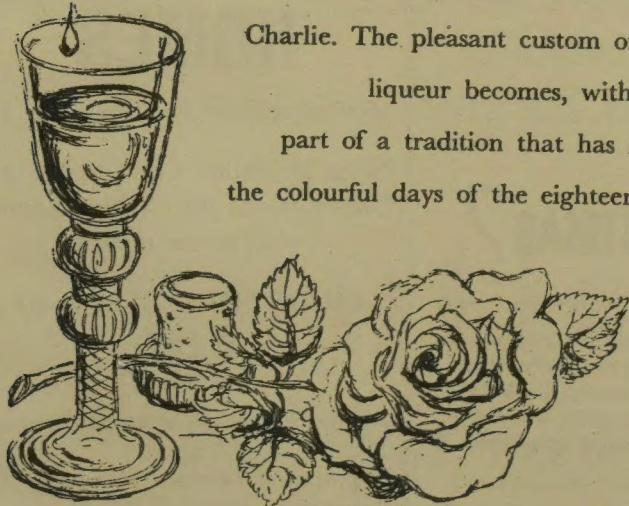
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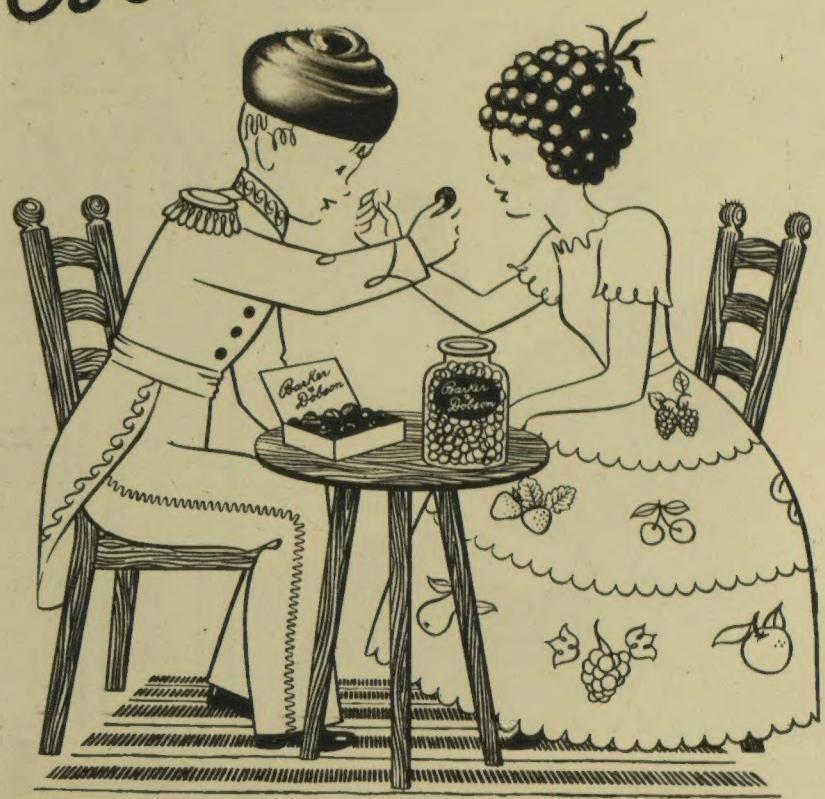
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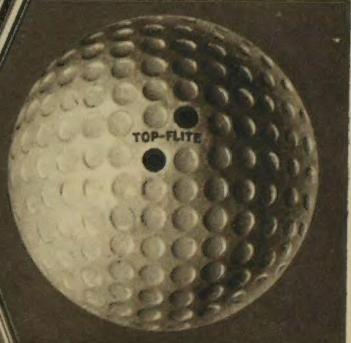
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for maximum length
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GRANT'S
-do you?



Welcome Always
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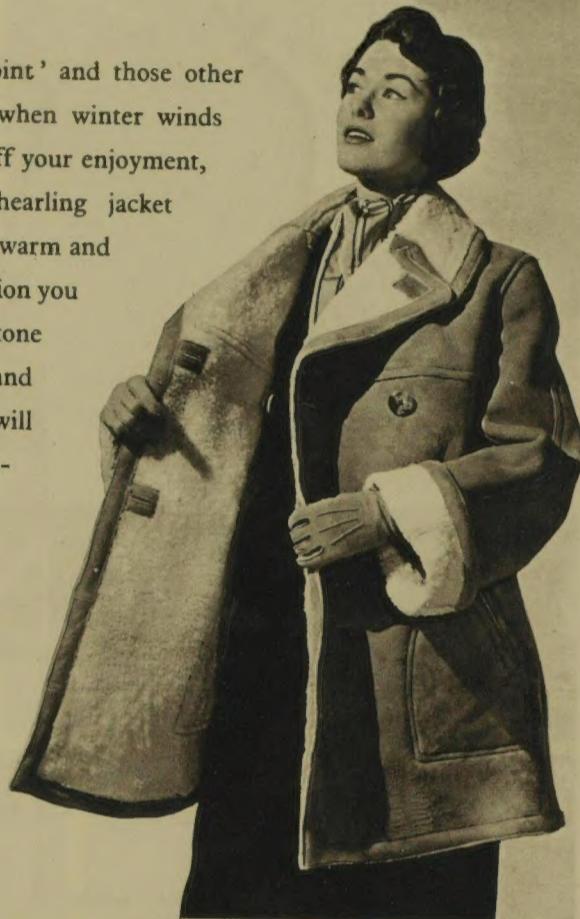
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SPORTSMAN'S
Sweet
dry

GRANT'S
MORELLA
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10/- will help to provide Christmas
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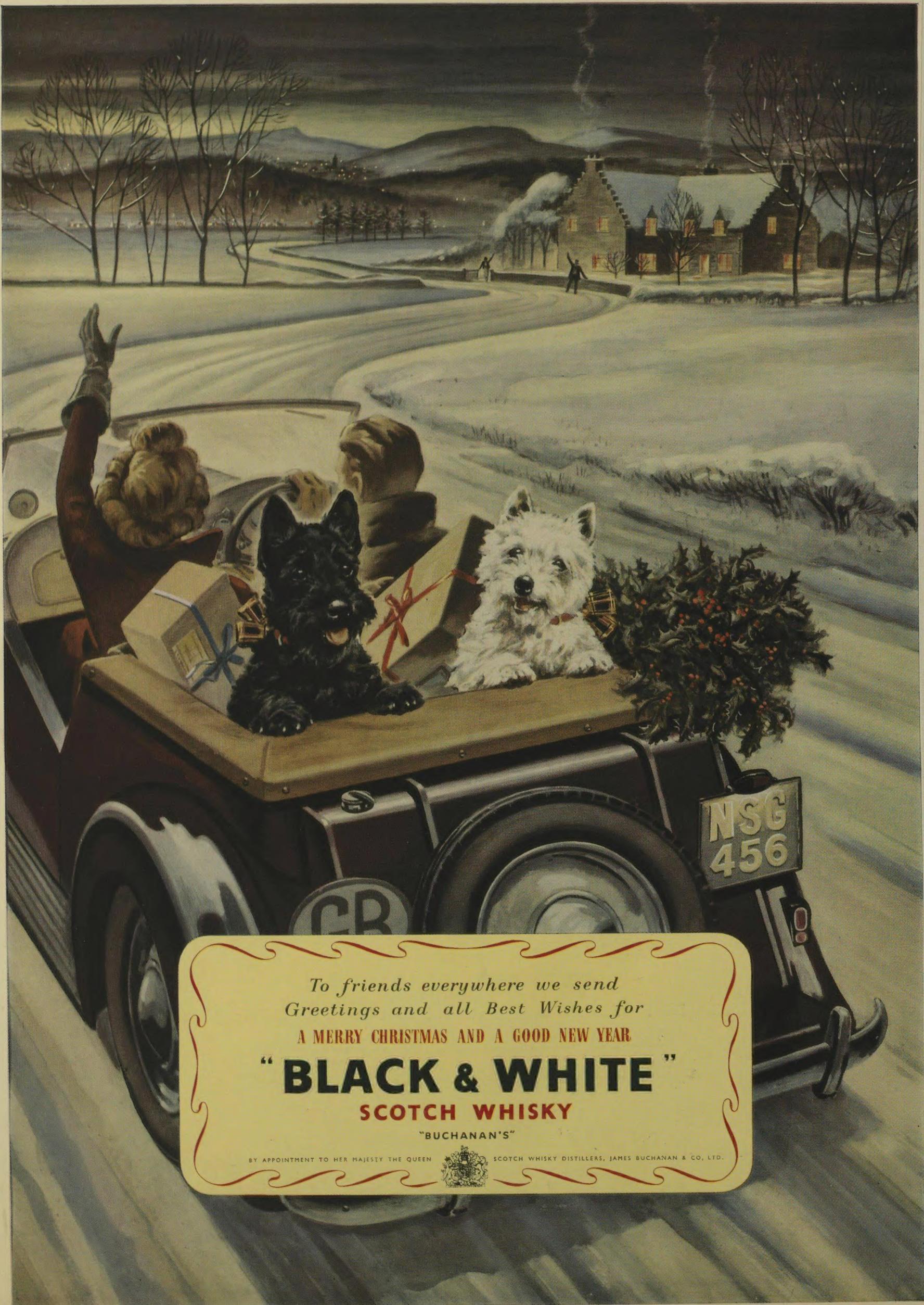
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